Saturday Review

DECEMBER 9, 1961 / 25¢

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MRS INEZ HARLOW
RFD 3
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Photographed at Loch Lomond, Scotland, by "21" Brands

Why it takes 42 fine highland whiskies (plus a wee bit of Loch Lomond) to make Ballantine's

Almost all good branded Scotch Whiskies are made up of combinations of several individual whiskies. The quality of the individual whiskies used—and in what proportion they are used—is what determines the flavor and character of a brand.

Above you see 42 whisky barrels, one each of the fine Highland Scotches that are harmonized to make Ballantine's. Why 42? Because each of these Scotches has its own distinctive personality. (Can you notice the subtle color differences of the Scotches in the tester's glasses atop each barrel?) Once these 42 whiskies are wed in precise proportions, the result is Ballantine's pleasing, sunny-light flavor and gentle disposition.

The lake in the background above is Loch Lomond. Its water is used in an important step during the making of Ballantine's, when the matured whiskies are brought to the proper proof. Being uncommonly soft, this water lends some of the Loch's celebrated serenity to the spirit.

What you pour from the Ballantine's bottle is authentic Scotch Whisky—never brash or heavy...nor so limply light that it merely teases the taste buds. Just a few reasons why: ***The more you know about Scotch the more you like Ballantine's.***

BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND • BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86 PROOF • IMPORTED BY "21" Brands, Inc., N.Y.C.

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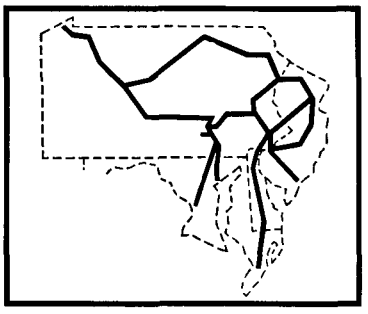
INTERCONNECTING AND POOLING:

A SUPERIOR KIND OF ELECTRIC SERVICE ON A NATIONWIDE SCALE

Here is the kind of advanced electric service that America enjoys today from investor-owned light and power companies—

280,000 miles of transmission lines, plus billions of dollars in power plants—hydroelectric, steam and even atomic power—with many plants and lines tied together in giant networks, so that power can be sent where and when it's needed throughout the nation.

This is a bigger and more resourceful power system than any other in the world, and it has immediate advantages for every user of electricity.



49,000-square-mile example of the way Interconnecting and Pooling works—the Pennsylvania-New Jersey-Maryland pool. It serves large cities, small towns, suburbs and many kinds of farms—a population of 18,400,000. Power is sent back and forth as needed over interconnected lines of investor-owned companies. This always insures ample reserve for any need or emergency, without the needless expense of building duplicate facilities. The pool has been serving customers, and growing, for nearly 40 years.

It can help keep rates low. In many places customers of one company benefit from the savings of the newest, most efficient plants of interconnected companies. Single large generating units can be built more economically than scattered smaller units.

Service becomes still more dependable. Homes and businesses have the advantages of big reserves of power from many areas. If an emergency shuts down a plant in one area, power is instantly brought in from others—perhaps hundreds of miles away.

Interconnecting and Pooling of power helps the investor-owned companies supply the bulk of America's electricity today. It is a big reason why they can supply all the additional electric power the nation will need for the new homes, new jobs and new businesses of the future.

Investor-Owned Electric Light and Power Companies
Company names on request through this magazine

Keep America Powerful

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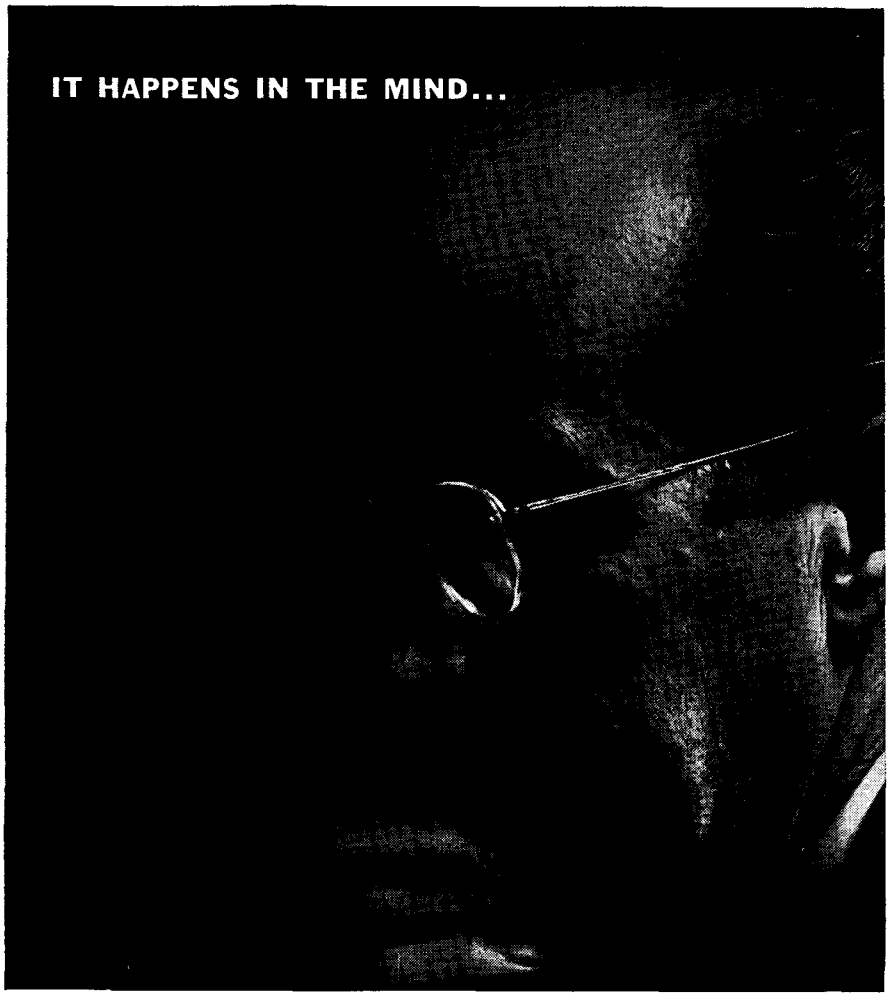
At Bell Telephone Laboratories, mathematician Sidney Darlington has contributed notably in developing the art of circuit analysis.



. . . It is essentially a thing of the mind for it works through concepts, symbols and relationships . . . it helps man to analyze and synthesize the complex phenomena of the universe and himself . . . it works in many ways to advance electrical communications:

IT IS CALLED MATHEMATICS

At Bell Telephone Laboratories, mathematics works powerfully to solve problems involving complex data. Intriguingly, too, the mathematical approach: led to the invention of the electric wave filter . . . disclosed a kind of wave transmission which may some day carry huge amounts of information in waveguide systems . . . foretold the feasibility of modern quality control . . . led to a scientific technique for determining how many circuits must be provided for good service without having costly equipment lie idle.

For each creative task, Bell Laboratories utilizes whatever serves best—mathematical analysis, laboratory experimentation, simulation with electronic computers. Together they assure the economical advancement of Bell System communications services.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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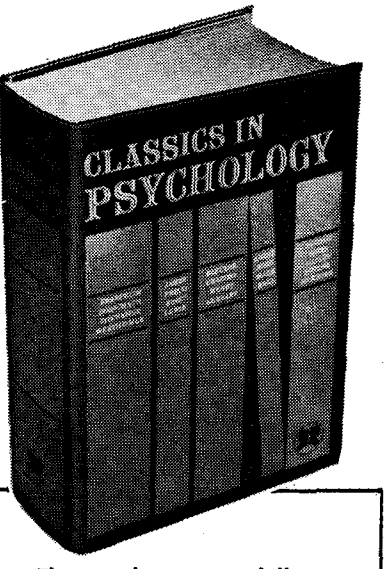

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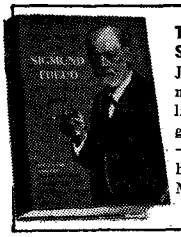

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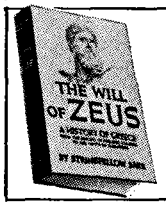

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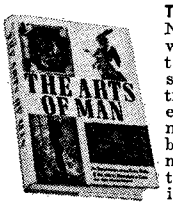

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A Rolls by Any Other Name

Edited by Martin Levin

UNCLE SAM SIMPLE

"DO you see all of them bus and subway and recruiting signs," said Simple, "with Uncle Sam on them? They never picture Uncle Sam as black—like *me*—or Indian like the original Americans, or Chinese like Chinese-Americans, or Japanese like them Niseis born in California. Since it is popular to integrate nowadays, how come Uncle Sam is never pictured as if maybe his mama had integrated before him?"

"Do you know what you are saying?" I asked. "You are speaking of miscegenation, not integration. The Uncle Sam you see on the signboards is of course of Nordic descent."

"I am tired of seeing my Uncle always of Nordic descent," said Simple. "I want to see him black for once."

"Uncle Sam is a symbol," I said, "not a factual representation of any one race or group. Symbols have no color."

"But I want him to be a symbol of *me* once," said Simple. "I have never yet seen an Uncle Sam that looked like me."

"You seem to dwell often in a world of fantasy," I said. "Suppose tomorrow all the newspapers were to picture Uncle Sam as colored, could you believe your eyes?"

"If I saw *myself*, yes. A. Philip Randolph would also make a good-looking Uncle Sam," said Simple. "Or for a young version, Harry Belafonte would be a handsome Uncle Sam. But Sidney Poitier would be stone most! Boss! Or let's take Miss America with a sheet wrapped around her, looking like the Statue of Liberty. I have never yet seen her colored, neither. If I was an artist, I would sometimes draw America looking like Dinah Washington."

"Dream on, dreamer," I said.

"Well, at least, they could make Miss America a Red Indian once," said Simple. "Indians was the first Americans, but they got pushed back and back and back so much by the cowboys in the Hollywood movies until now they is the *last* Americans. But in honor of the fact that they was once the first, there ought to be Indian Uncle Sams and Indian Miss Americas, also their heads should be somewheres else besides on a penny."

"At least they're on a penny," I said.

"But no Negroes," said Simple. "Our heads are not even on a penny. Neither on a dollar bill, nor on a five dollar bill, nor a ten. And I have not seen a Negro on a postage stamp since Booker T. Washington."

"After all, Negroes are only about ten per cent of the American population," I said.

"But we raise ninety per cent of the hell," said Simple, "so I want to see a Freedom Rider on a postage stamp, or else Martin Luther King, or me dressed like Uncle Sam. I been mighty near one hundred years free. It is not easy to live one hundred years in the Land of the Free—if black you be—so I deserves my head on a stamp."

"What kind of stamp?" I asked.

"The first space-stamp," said Simple, "designed to fly mail off into orbit—out of this world. Free! Uncle Sam *me*—on a letter to the moon!"

—LANGSTON HUGHES.

• • •

WHAT THE TRAFFIC WILL BEAR

AUTOMOBILE manufacturers playing upon the romantic sensibilities of their customers are missing a good bet. They are making no appeal to a segment of the public which is not as fierce, proud, and starry-eyed as the names of their cars would imply. Changing the model names to make them more appropriate to the actual qualities of the automobile and its owner would be a giant step forward.

For example, we have the Valiant; why not the Conservative, or the Rockefeller, for those who drive down the middle of the road? We needn't go so far as the Pusillanimous or the Coward Models, though there might be a demand even for them.

Some automobile makers like to imply that their products will take you to the stars, hence Galaxies, Starchiefs, Mercuries, and Comets. The size of some of these conveyances might better be described by names such as Asteroid or Blimp. And the designation of a driver with 300 horsepower under his hood demands the name Pluto.

A man behind the wheel of a car becomes a valiant soldier fighting rush-hour traffic with Darts, Lances, and Sabers. He should have instead the Bludgeon, the Truncheon, the Pike, or

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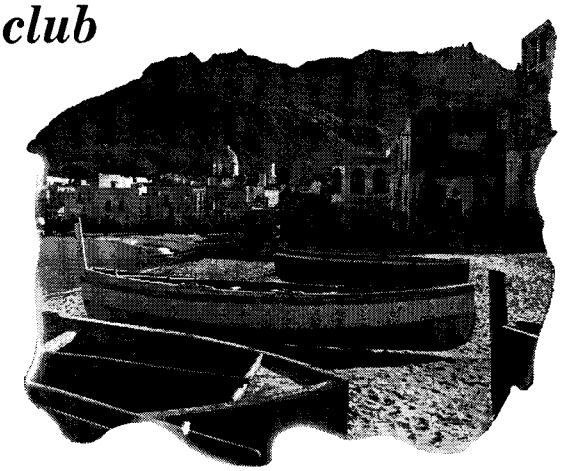
as a member of this exclusive club

"One resident sees Ischia as a battlefield between good and evil. The hot, neurotic sirocco blows its soft call to madness for days on end, until even old peasant women, long trained to patience, suddenly begin screaming without cause and have to be taken away for quieting treatment. Elsewhere on the island, visitors bathe in Ischia's miraculous healing waters, said to cure anything from sterility to baldness—and too often effective to permit one to scoff."



THAT'S author Shirley Elizabeth Warren, reporting on the island of Ischia to members of *Islands in the Sun Club*. Ischia—one of hundreds of unspoiled and little-known ports offering a unique attraction for the resort-weary.

Where Cruise Ships Seldom Anchor

"*Islands in the Sun*" Reports visit not only the Mediterranean, but the Pacific and Caribbean as well. Islands such as Antigua, Barbuda, Moorea, Grand Cayman—all largely unexplored and unexploited by commercial interests.

This club is, as the *New York Times* reports, "a service for non-conformist travelers, including the armchair tourist." It was begun expressly for those jaded by the over-crowded, over-priced and over-publicized vacation centers.

You are introduced to some of the world's loveliest, off-the-beaten-path islands, unknown even to many travel agents. Tropical ports where the startlingly low cost of food, lodging and entertainment makes your visit completely practical.

Candor Is The Keynote

The reporting in "*Islands in the Sun*" is as unusual as the isles it covers. You can expect more spice and less sugar than the normal fare of tourist magazines. And none of the usual fuchsia clichés. Because "*Islands in the Sun*" makes no attempt to sell anything, our authors make no effort to color their reports. (Admits author Dorothy Wheelock in the Club's report on St. Lucia: "When you live on an island, you exchange an ambiguous set of irritations for the rigid ones at home. But at least you're warm while experiencing them.") They reveal the bad (St. Lucian coffee) and the beautiful (her beaches) with equal frankness.

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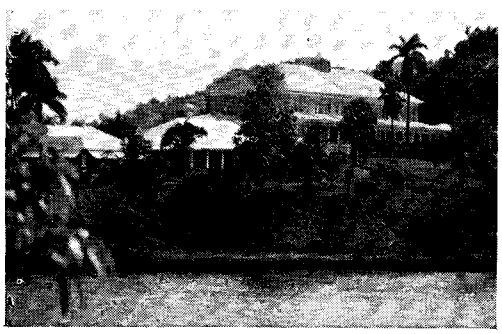

The first of several clubhouses exclusively for *Islands in the Sun Club* members is now open. Located in The Jamaica Reef Hotel—formerly owned by Errol Flynn—in Port Antonio, Jamaica. Members and their families enjoy 10% discount on all services—spacious rooms, superb food, excellent bar, both salt and fresh pools, deep-sea fishing, sailing, water skiing, riding. Other clubhouses about to be opened in the Bahamas, St. Lucia and Sardinia. Admittance by membership card only.

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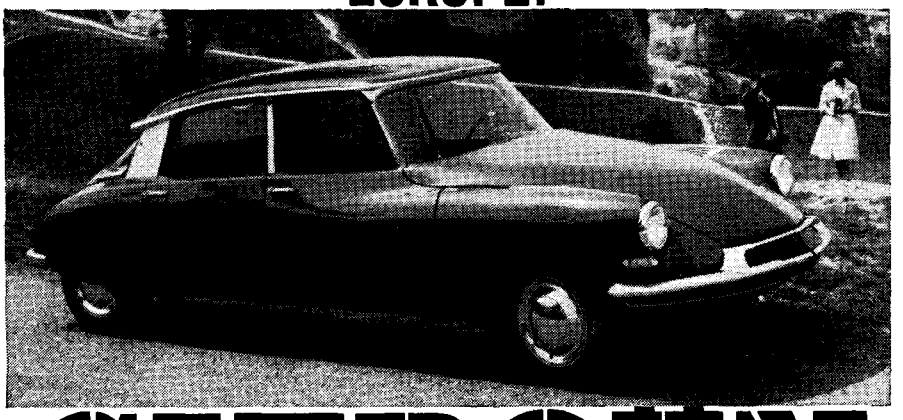

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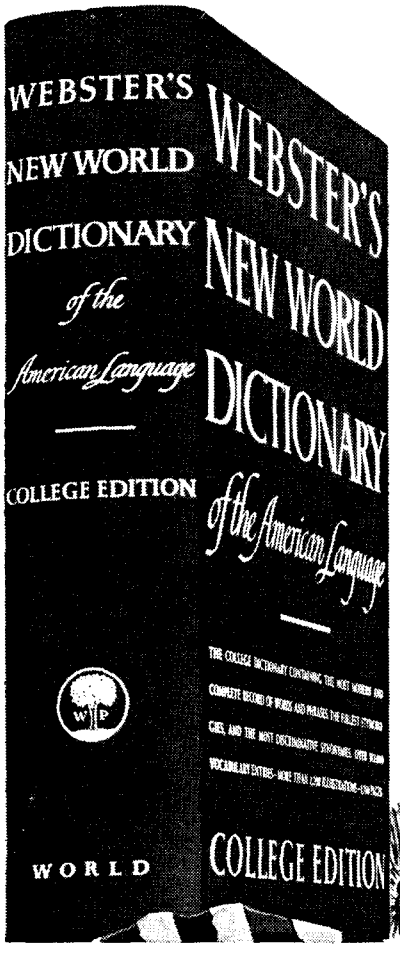

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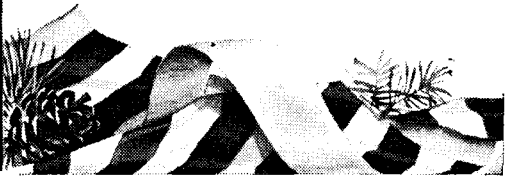

the Battering Ram. While his state of mind is probably best portrayed by Fury or Invicta, there might be peaceable souls who would prefer the Pacifist or even the new model, Conscientious Objector.

Manufacturers also seem to think that their customers wish to appear as men of wealth and elegance in Coups de Ville, Continentals, and Elysees. The Impecunious and its cheaper sister, the Flat Broke, might be more suitable for those making time payments.

The proliferation of sex symbols in automobile advertising leads one to think that the Chippie line with the smaller Doxie might be successful.

But it is in the field of animal nomenclature that fantasy and wish fulfillment really take over, with the Falcons, Thunderbirds, Jaguars, and the rest. I suggest the more fitting names Rhinocerous, Brontosaurus, and Tyrannosaurus Rex.

When the Australians get their automobile industry in high gear I predict a fine line of sensibly named cars. Premier model will of course be the comfortable Kangaroo, with the compact Wallaby and Wombat lines running a close second. The Platypus prototype is now on the drawing board, and I can't wait to get my hands on the wheel of the sporty Tasmanian Devil.

—Christopher Hyde.

• • •

SONG OF THE RAPID READER
(Juvenile Division)

Mother, now I'm in Sixth Grade
I'm sure you will be glad you paid
For me to take a QwikRede Course
So I can gallop like a horse
Thro' Proust, thro' Darwin, even Dickens
As day by day my word rate quickens.
"Zhivago" I made in one hour flat,
Dear mother, aren't you proud of that?
And surely you will be impressed
With fifty minutes—"By Love Possessed."
Increasing power, increasing speed
Help me devour Malraux and Gide,
And while the others play at ball
I race thro' Shirer's "Rise and Fall."
Tonight, before I go to bed
My "War and Peace" will all be read,
Somehow I'll sandwich Shaw's "Saint Joan"
Then may I have an ice-cream cone?

—Maureen Van Horn.

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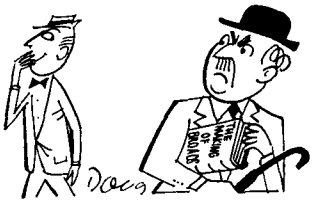
TRADE Winds

I AM TOLD there's an interesting sign on Route 160 north of Concord. A bit of the real old New England, my informant calls it. It reads: COUNTRY STORE DISCOUNT HOUSE.

THERE'S BEEN an exciting new book published in London entitled "The Making of Broads," by J. M. Lambert. It's $25 a copy. A lot of research must have gone into the subject. Of course, when it published the volume, the Royal Geographical Society knew full well a broad is a patch of slack, fresh water formed by the widening of a stream. Dirty trick.



YOU WOULDN'T have to be much of a fan to enjoy Ralph Stein's big new "Treasury of the Automobile" (Golden Press). If you like to read about and see historical pictures of those beautiful old cars, you'll like this. There are also beautiful contemporary color photographs of antiques, one of which is a majestic 1907 Welch touring car.

I wouldn't be telling you this if Ralph Stein, whose old *Yank* buddies still call him Sergeant, hadn't taken me for a spin in the Welch, which cost him $500 to buy and $7,500 to put in condition. As we cruised along smoothly and comfortably over the back roads of eastern Connecticut, I made the mistake of waving back to some squares along the way.

"No, no," Ralph warned. "You don't wave to ordinary cars, unless they are friends. If you pass another antique car, you can lift your finger, but none of this whole arm business."

I READ THAT Jerome Weidman has presented to the University of Texas for its collection his manuscripts, correspondence, and "other literary papers." Included is the complete file for "Fiorello!" and the following:

694 handwritten and typewritten manuscripts of published and unpublished stories.

More than 4,500 pieces of correspondence.

2,500 press clippings and reviews.

169 stories and articles, published.

157 stories and articles, unpublished.

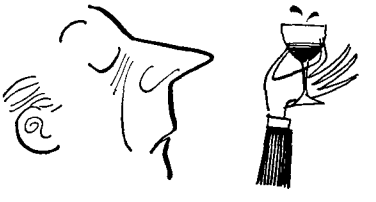
178 copies of magazines in which stories first appeared.

Miscellaneous items such as typed and handwritten notes and revised pages.

I've known Jerry Weidman as a saver of string and tin foil, but—. Well, thank goodness it isn't the University of Rhode Island that collects research materials in modern American literature.

ACCORDING TO Dick Krolik, who was there, this happened a couple of years ago but he just got around to explaining it to me. Stephen Potter, whose essays on Winesmanship are legendary, visited the United States and was guest of honor at a large and reasonably fancy dinner party. The other guests, fortified by numerous cocktails, did their best to outploy Mr. Potter when the wine was served, but they were breathless with anticipation when he lifted the glass to his lips. What gem of Winesmanship would emanate? Potter sipped and put the glass down.

"Hmm," he began, "second glass of wine I've ever had in my life."



"DID YOU EVER try to get an error into print?" asks Hayes B. Jacobs. He had a piece in the October 7 issue of *The New Yorker* about his lifelong difficulties with arithmetic. To show how bad he is at it, he described how he multiplies 50,000 by 10, coming out wrong because at one point he recites, "Zero times five is five. . . ."

It took some doing to keep copy editors and proofreaders away from that "zero times five is five." They kept "correcting" it right up to press time, but finally it stayed in the way the author wanted it. But then what happened?

"Ever since the story appeared," Jacobs moans, "I have been flooded with letters telling me zero times zero is zero, not five. I started writing back, saying that they were 'probably right.' Now they've started writing back, saying what do I mean—'*probably*'?"

AS FOR TYPOS, how about this one from the Wayne State University Press

INSIDE NATIONWIDE

AS A general rule, an insurance company is not a fit subject for poetry. Skylarks, yes. Grecian urns, yes. Insurance? No. That is, not until now.

We've received two unsolicited, noncommissioned poems, both written by policyholders. They may well be the only poems ever written about an insurance company. This alone, we believe, makes them worthy of publication.

NATIONWIDE INSURANCE
By Walter H. Hammack

We have the best protection
My family, the car and I,
For we bought the best insurance
That money could ever buy.
We feel so safe while touring
With protection as we ride,
To know we're fully covered
For we have Nationwide.

They gave us a wonderful policy
At the very lowest rate,
Any time that there is trouble
Their agent is never late.
They're almost on the very scene
We do not have to hide,
And we don't ever worry
For we have Nationwide.

I'll recommend them to anyone
That needs insurance today,
They'll always have a better deal
In every sort of way.
We couldn't afford to leave them
They are ever by our side,
And we know we have security
For we have Nationwide.

GO GO NATIONWIDE "RIDE"
By Michael A. Kever

I always ride with Nationwide pride
When I ride ride Nationwide.
You'll find Nationwide throughout
every industry;
Nationwide masters and operates automatically at liberty.
Your home, car, tools covered with
Nationwide's umbrella;
Your furniture, folks, even the
beautiful Cinderella.
I cherish and ride with greatest pride
When I go go Nationwide ride,
With delightful, masterful pride.

THERE are three stanzas in the latter work, but space permits us to publish only one. If you'd like a copy of the complete poem — no cost, no obligation — write Nationwide Insurance. Dept. SR., 246 N High St., Columbus 16, Ohio.

Nationwide/Mutual Insurance Co., Life Insurance Co., Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Home Office; Columbus, O.

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3. SONY TR-812—3 Band lightweight all transistorized portable. Receives AM, Short Wave and Marine Signals ..... List: **$99.95**

4. SONY TRW-621—Pocketable Automatic Watch Radio ..... List: **$49.95**

5. SONY TR-630—New 6 transistor Pocketable with tone control ..... List: **$24.95**

6. SONY TR-84—8 Transistor, super powerful portable ..... List: **$49.95**

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In the January 6, 1962, Issue of SR

World Travel Photo Competition:

Announcement of this year's winners

Annual World Travel Calendar

and many other travel features

catalogue for fall books? One whole page is devoted to a "Selected Blacklist."

IN HIS BOOK "My Life in Court" (Doubleday) Louis Nizer uses this anecdote to illustrate anachronism, the error of.

An amateur playwright has a French obstetrician leave home early in the hours of a numbingly cold dawn to attend a delivery. When he returns home exhausted—so the dialogue goes in the play—his sympathetic wife gives him hot tea and inquires, "Did all go well?"

"It was a very difficult delivery," the doctor says, "but it was worth it. You know who was born today? Victor Hugo!"

SHARPS AND FLATS: Clifford M. Crist reports that a secretary in one of the biggest publishing houses recently sent a book to Professor Y. Rajakrashna, University of Mysore, Mysore, Indiana. Another clerk with another publisher, he says, regularly types: Machiavelli—"The Prints."

►Caskie Stinnett passes on the rumor that Stephen Birmingham's fictional excursion into the suburbs, "The Towers of Love" (Little, Brown), was originally called "Medea in Connecticut" but was changed so people wouldn't think it was another book on the advertising business.

►Edmund G. Love ("Subways Are for Sleeping") and William B. Hart *(Redbook)* were both born on Valentine's Day.

►Do they always put a fortune in a Chinese fortune cookie? Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel Perle want to know. Their daughter, Liz, ate one and then they couldn't find the fortune. It probably says, "Help! I'm a prisoner in a little girl's stomach!"

—Jerome M. Beatty.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1445)

(Sherna) Shalit:
SEASON'S GREETINGS

She is beyond speech; she is sorting spells.
Where in the Christmas card book on her lap
will she find a square whose leaf or bell or candle
whose snowy tree or road or skipping lamb
will . . . lean out of its border and whisper only:
her name?

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Offhand

PHYSICAL COURAGE is to courage what dentistry is to medicine: a specialty, by no means the whole thing. People wielding opinions should be courageous in their opinions. If they escape into physical prowess they are cowards. Gangsters, too, are courageous, but their morals are weak and their brains microscopic.

WHENEVER army standards are applied to civilians we have that sinister admixture of servility and aggressiveness known as the Nazi, Fascist, or Soviet state: all the same dirt. It is right for a soldier to have only the opinions of those with more brass on their hats than he has. His courage should be physical, he should regard the enemy as a beast, try to be one himself, if he can. But as the soldier must obey, so must the whole army containing him obey in complete silence and discipline, to be known as an army and not as a dangerous band. People don't think with their feet or their biceps, any more than they box with their brains.

IT IS NEVER the emergency that justifies the dictator, rather the other way round. Emergencies are short, like rape, lightning, or earthquakes. When they begin to last too long, they are deserved, and can only be stopped by saying no.

IN A DICTATORSHIP, no one is responsible to his superiors for the work of those under him, but these to him for his idleness. As one gets closer to the top of the pyramid: greater window displays, less serious work. The dictator himself is rightly identified with the state of emergency: namely the danger that, by doing anything at all, he might expose his ignorance, his uselessness, his fear. Safely wrapped in the national flag, he shields himself from all constructive pistol shots.

NOTES FOR a political dictionary: Yes: affirmative for No.

NOTE THOSE holy causes that have unholy effects.

—NICCOLO TUCCI.

An intimacy to share

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Saturday Review

December 9, 1961

WHAT IS ENGLISH?

By ARCHIBALD MacLEISH

I DO not put this question to be impertinent. I put it because I should like to know. I have been —officially at least—a teacher of English for the past twelve years and I have yet to hear myself defined. I will go further than that: I have yet to be told precisely what I'm doing.

The trouble in my case may be Harvard. Certainly the trouble at the beginning was Harvard. When I was notified in the early summer of 1949 that the President and Fellows of that University had approved my appointment to the Boylston Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory I decided to drive down to Cambridge to find out what I was supposed to teach. It seemed like a good idea at the time: my last ten years or so had been in Washington and the years before that in journalism and my real profession throughout had been the writing of verse, not teaching. I say it seemed like a good idea. It didn't turn out that way.

My first call, logically, was at the Department of English since it was a Committee of the Department of English that had approached me—"approach" in the technical sense—the year before. It was an agreeable call but brief. Chairmen of Harvard departments, I was informed, do not tell their colleagues what to do: they merely circulate the memoranda. I was back on the wooden porch of Warren House in something under five minutes with the impression that Harvard would be an attractive place if one could get into it.

My second call was on the only member of the English Department I knew at all well, a displaced Yale man like myself. He listened, looked at the ceiling, and replied that I could teach his course in Shakespeare if I wanted. I left with the impression, later verified, that he was not entirely enthusiastic about my presence in Cambridge.

There remained the Provost of the University, the President being in Washington in those months. (By "the President" I mean, of course, the President of Harvard.) The Provost, when I found his office, was engaged but, being desperate, I decided to sit him out and that fetched him. He popped out of his office, listened mildly while I stated my business, and popped back in again with the remark, delivered over his shoulder as the door closed, that when Harvard appointed a man to a full professorship, to say nothing of the Boylston Professorship, it expected him to *know* what he wanted to teach.

It was an enlightening afternoon. I had been told in three different ways that freedom to teach at Harvard is literally freedom—with all the penalties attached. But it was not an *instructive* afternoon. I know no more about my duties on the way back to the Franklin County Hills than I had known on the way down, and twelve years later I still know little more than I knew then. I have taught the advanced writing course which all Boylston Professors since Barrett Wendell have offered and I have invented and annually reinvented a course in the nature of poetry; but though I take, or sometimes take, a proprietary satisfaction in both of them I am not at all sure that either is the course I should have taught or would have taught had I known what "English" is. It is not always English that turns up in the novels and poems and plays of the advanced writing course, nor does the course in poetry confine itself to poems in the English tongue. It can't very well since poetry recognizes no such limitation.

In those early days—my young days as a teacher of English when I was still in my late fifties—I used to assume that I was the only member of the profession who did not know what he was doing, but as time has passed I have begun to wonder. We have, at Harvard, an institution called the Visiting Committee, one to each department, which descends annually upon the appropriate classrooms to observe the progress of education. Our particular Visiting Committee in the Department of English ends its investigations, or always did when John Marquand was chairman, by offering a dinner to the permanent appointments. And the dinner always includes, or always included, a question which seems to stir the Departmental subconscious: Why are the graduates of Harvard University incapable of composing simple declarative sentences? Under ordinary circumstances a question such as this might be expected to serve as the gambit to a lively exchange involving, among other things, the truth of the fact asserted, but under the circumstances of our dinner, when the questioner is a distinguished alumnus who is also a member of the Committee to Visit the English Department, and when the effectiveness of the English Department in performing its duties is the subject of the Visitation, the innocent words take on a different aspect. They become charged with implications, the most challenging of which is the implication that if graduates of Harvard University are incapable of composing simple declarative sentences the Department of English is to blame. Which, in turn, implies that the teaching of

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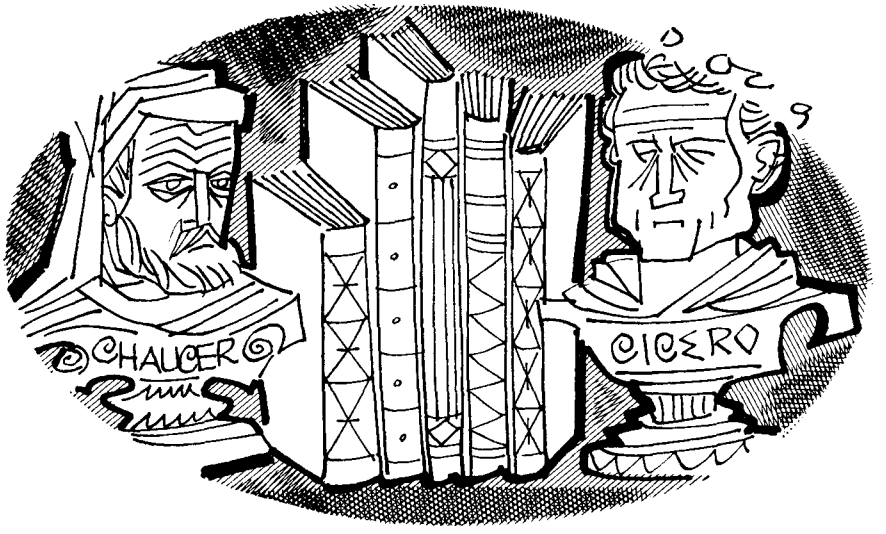

English and the teaching of the composition of simple declarative sentences are one and the same thing. It is that last implication which spills the coffee on the tablecloth. Chairs are pushed back. Throats are cleared. And a strained voice, laboring under an emotion which an ignorant observer might think disproportionate to the cause, protests that teachers of English have better things to do than instruct the young in the composition of simple declarative sentences. Silence falls. Time passes. Someone suggests another drink all around. And there the issue reposes for another year. No member of the annual visitation has ever yet been rude enough to ask: What better things? And no member of the Department within my memory has ever said.

I SUPPOSE the reason for the persistence on one side and the passion on the other is historical. What our Visitors are remembering, consciously or not, is the importance of simple declarative sentences in the early days of the Republic, and the part played by Harvard College in the shaping of the minds of those who used them best. What my colleagues almost certainly remember is the importance to the growth of Harvard College of the liberation of their predecessors from such concerns. It was because the two Adamses and their contemporaries in Massachusetts and Virginia and Connecticut and Pennsylvania could write meaningful English that the American Revolution was not merely a defeat of England but a conquest of human liberty. But it is also true that it was not until that famous sail-maker's son, Francis J. Child, was relieved of his responsibility for the teaching of freshman composition that the Department of English at Harvard became an educational influence in the larger sense of that term.

It is, I think, this latter fact that explains the difficulty of defining "English" even today and even among those whose lives are devoted to its teaching, for the emancipation of Stubby Child took place less than a century ago. There was little "English," as we use the word, prior to 1876—at least in Cambridge. When letters were first taught in the Colonial colleges they were taught in Latin with Latin manuals and Latin and Greek examples. The teaching of composition in the vulgar tongue had begun, it is true, before the Revolution, but the extraordinary debate which preceded and accompanied that event was conducted with the classical modes and models in mind. Harvard's historian, Samuel Eliot Morison, puts it with his usual pithiness: "The classical pseudonyms with which our Harvard signers of the great Declaration signed their early communications to the press were not pen-names chosen by chance, but represented a very definite point of view that every educated man recognized." And the same thing seems to have been true thirty years after the Revolution when the first chair in letters was established. John Quincy Adams, the first Boylston Professor, signalized his installation by delivering an inaugural address in which the word "English" never once occurs. It was not London to him, nor Stratford, from which the great tradition flowed but Athens and Rome. "Novelty," he told his audience, "will not be expected; nor is it perhaps to be desired. A subject which has exhausted the genius of Aristotle, Cicero, and Quintilian can neither require nor admit much additional illustration. . . ."

He was thinking, of course, of rhetoric and oratory, the two subjects attached by statute to his chair. *English* literature, in the year 1806, was something a gentleman read on his own time and for his own entertainment if he read it at all. Even a quarter of a century later instruction in this area seems to have been informal—and correspondingly pleasant. Mr. Morison quotes a member of the Harvard class of 1832 as remembering "our evenings with Chaucer and Spenser" in the study of John Quincy Adams's successor, Edward Tyrell Channing. The account hardly evokes the meeting of a course as we understand such things: "How his genial face shone in the light of the winter's fire and threw new meaning upon the rare gems of thought and humor and imagination of those kings of ancient song." It is a charming scene and one its author obviously relishes but even so he does not forget the serious business of his association with Professor Channing. It was not for those rare gems that he sat at the great man's feet. It was to learn to write. "Who of us," he reminds himself, "does not bless him every day that we write an English sentence for his pure taste and admirable simplicity!"

All of which would seem to support the conclusion that it was not until well along in Mr. Eliot's administration that "English" began at Harvard with the beginning of those laborious studies of Francis Child's in Anglo-Saxon and Middle English and Chaucer and Shakespeare and Dryden on which our modern literary scholarship is founded. But if this is so—if "English" is as new as this—then the difficulty of discussing it with members of Visiting Committees becomes understandable. Eighty years is a short time in which to fix the character and limits of a discipline. One can learn in so brief a time what "English" isn't—as, for example, that it isn't the thing it rebelled against at its beginnings. It isn't, that is to say, the "mere" teaching of the use of the English language. But one cannot learn so quickly what "English" *is*.

Literature? The teaching of literature in English? It sounds reasonable: if "English" isn't the teaching of the writing of the language it may well be the teaching of the reading of the language—the reading of what has already been written that deserves to be read again. But what do we mean by reading? Do we mean the reading of the words as words, the recognition of the structure, the interpretation of the references—in brief, the explication, as we put it, of the text? Or do we mean the reading of the substance of the words, what the words in their combination and their structure, their sounds and their significance, are *about*? But if we

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mean the latter, where does "English" end? The substance of the literature of our tongue is the whole substance of human experience as that experience has presented itself to the mind, the imagination, and the most sensitive of the users of that tongue. Nothing is foreign to it. Nothing is excluded. Everything has been touched, turned over, nuzzled, chewed, and much has been mastered, much has been perceived. If "English" has to do with the substance of English literature, where will we find faculties qualified to teach it? And how, if we found them, could they fit themselves into the academic order? What would be left for the other faculties—for the departments of philosophy and theology and biology and history and psychology?—above all for the departments of psychology?

OBVIOUSLY "English" cannot claim so vast an empire. But what lesser kingdom is there then? The texts as texts? It was the teaching of the texts as texts that destroyed the classics in American education. When "The Odyssey" was assigned in the last century as so much Greek—so many lines a day and so many days in the year, leaving the poem to take care of itself—"The Odyssey" began to die and Greek with it. And when, later, the magnificent scholarship of Kittredge attached itself to English texts as texts, a generation of graduate students was produced which itched to teach anything else—biographies of poets, economic and sociological interpretations of novels, literary history—anything but the texts themselves. And when this revolution had set up its barricades, it in turn produced the counterrevolution of our own time. Back-to-the-text was the word with us—and the word became flesh in an army of brave new critics who carried everything before them only to leave us, when the counterrevolution subsided, where we are today: betwixt and between. We are agreed that it was a mistake to teach the poems of Shelley by way of the pitch of his voice and the bonfire on the beach but we are not yet entirely persuaded that *explication de texte* has told the truth about poetry either. "English," we think today, is something more than the teaching of the reading of words as words but something less also, surely less, than the teaching of the private life the words came out of, or the public life toward which they look.

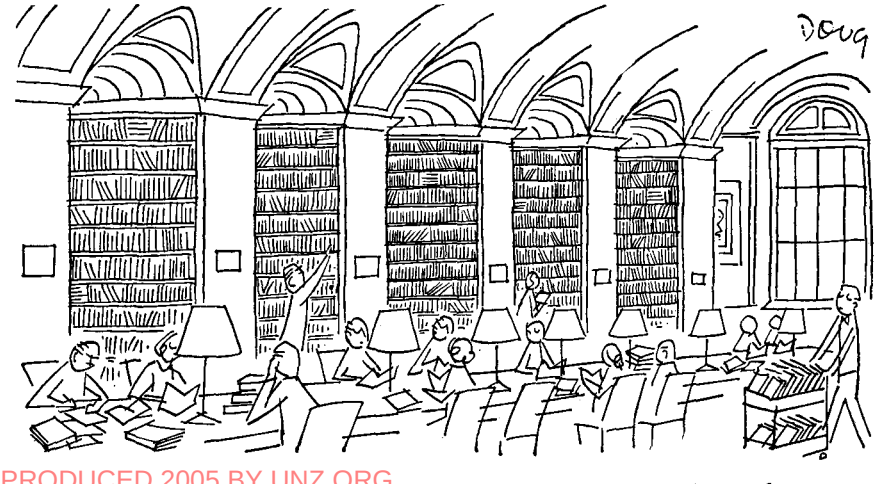
Less and more—but how much less and how much more? That is the question we do not answer for our newly chosen colleagues knocking at our doors to ask us what they ought to teach. Can it be answered? I think for myself, over boldly perhaps, that it can. It can, that is, if we will look for the answer where answers are to be found in such cases: not in the theory but in the practice. Percy Bridgman once remarked of the language of physics that you can tell the meaning of a term far better by seeing what is done *with* it than by hearing what is said *about* it. The same thing is true of the language of education. The theoretical fences will all blow down, give them time enough and wind, but the actions will stand. A colleague working in an ungrateful corner of the curriculum brings the dust to air, raises the too long familiar from its accustomedness, calls Dr. Johnson from his sepulchre and makes him walk the College Yard. This is the teaching of "English," but what has this colleague taught? Or a lecturer somewhere else, struggling with an exhausted theme, renews a poem which had lost its voice and makes it cry like the first bird in Eden. This too is "English"—but what then is it?

Take the lecturer. Take Robert Penn Warren teaching "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" in a lecture which has been widely published and much read: a lecture which gives voice to the poem. What *happens* in this lecture? The poem is "read," yes, but is it the "reading" that happens? There have been better "readings"—"readings" which place the poem more perfectly in its dramatic setting and better reveal the necessity that drives it. What truly happens here is something else. What happens is that the relation between the poem and the world of life in which the poem exists is discovered—discovered by a stroke as brief and brilliant as the blast of light which sometimes ties the earth and sky together. Every man, says Mr. Warren quietly, kills his own albatross . . . and there, with those words, the bird, the scene, the poem all come true—come real. The metaphysical talk about symbols and symbolism which usually fogs discussions of "The Rime"—is the albatross a symbol? Isn't it? But *is* it?—chokes on its own inanity and what is left is meaning, the only kind of meaning that truly means, personal meaning, immediate meaning. That world of ice and snow becomes the world of vision we all have glimpsed—we also. The murder of the bird becomes the murder of which we also are guilty, all of us: the destruction of life, the denial of love. The horror of thirst and windlessness, motionlessness, becomes the horror of stagnation we too have sensed when our rejection of love, of life, has stilled the winds of vision that should drive us. The salvation by wonder and pity becomes a salvation we could recognize if it came. Even the little precept at the end, those lines the overeducated read with titters of embarrassment, takes power to move our hearts:

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small.

One sees, looking back, what has happened. This myth of the poetic imagination which students in colleges are called on to admire as literature has become a myth of myself which I—student, teacher, man, woman, whoever—am called on to live as life. And one sees how this miracle has been accomplished. It has been accomplished not by squeezing the pips of the text but by a perception which has one foot in the text and the other in the world so that the two, text and world, are made to march together.

But is this what the teaching of "English," in its actions, is? Is this what happens in W. J. Bate's lectures on Johnson and in all the rest of the great achievements in the discipline? I think it is. I think "English" always stands with a foot in the text and a foot in the world, and that what it undertakes to teach is neither the one nor the other but the relation between them. The greatest poem, removed from the ground of our being, is an irrelevance. The ground of our being without the poem is a desert. "English," I think, is the teaching which attempts to minister between.



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The Resistance vs. the Joneses

By Granville Hicks

ARE WE in the United States doomed to reach a dead level of cultural uniformity? Many foreigners believe that we are, and they find support in the writings of highly regarded American social scientists. W. M. Frohock is not so sure, and in **"Strangers to This Ground"** (Southern Methodist University Press, $4.50) he presents evidence from the literary field.

Although he teaches in the Department of Romance Languages and Literatures at Harvard, and has written a book on André Malraux, Frohock is best known as a critic of American literature. In "The Novel of Violence in America," first published in 1950, with a revised and enlarged version in 1957, he discussed Dos Passos, Faulkner, Hemingway, Steinbeck, Wolfe, and a number of others. His new book considers not only novelists but also poets and critics.

"Strangers to This Ground" is a collection of literary essays with a thesis that gives it a certain unity. Each essay, that is, stands by itself, but the thesis does recur, even though sometimes it seems to be dragged in. As literary studies, the essays are for the most part excellent. The novelists Frohock discusses are Fitzgerald, Cozzens, and Kerouac, and he pays sharp attention to their faults without overlooking their virtues. His poets are Emily Dickinson, Edna Millay, and Ezra Pound. He has a shrewd piece about Lionel Trilling, and in another essay he traces the progress of academic criticism from Irving Babbitt, through the New Critics, to the present, about which he is not altogether happy.

The unifying thesis, as has been suggested, is that there is still a great deal of cultural diversity in the United States. Much of our literature, he maintains, is concerned with what happens when individuals are transplanted from one cultural environment to another. For instance, the characters in "The Great Gatsby," as Fitzgerald goes out of his way to emphasize, are Westerners who are lost in New York City. Moreover, Fitzgerald himself, like Sinclair Lewis before him, remained a Minnesota boy no matter how widely he traveled. Alienation, which is a prevailing theme in all contemporary literature, is associated in much American writing with a cultural uprooting, and that can only be true, Mr. Frohock points out, because there is cultural diversity.

This argument is linked with another. David Riesman, whom Frohock admires and quarrels with, states that the other-directed personality is becoming dominant in our culture. Frohock doubts whether this process is moving as rapidly as Riesman thinks. There are the Beats, for instance, who reject our culture *in toto*, and Frohock believes that the Beats are a significant phenomenon, even though he regards Kerouac as an inadequate spokesman for them. Other-directed characters seldom appear in our literature unless they are being treated satirically—as, for instance, in the work of Peter DeVries, of which Frohock thinks highly. Probably the most popular hero in recent fiction is J. D. Salinger's Holden Caulfield, who is a dissenter from the word go. Saul Bellow's Augie March retains his identity in spite of all the pressures put upon him. And Frohock could easily have found other examples of nonconformity—in Wright Morris's novels, for instance, or Herbert Gold's, or Bernard Malamud's.

THE first part of Frohock's argument seems to me a little shaky. It is true that there are cultural variations from one part of the country to another, and some sociologists seem to be blind to them. (Not Riesman, by the way.) But we all know that these differences have been decreasing as a result of mass production and the mass media, and will continue to decrease. There is more diversity than appears when one keeps to the superhighways, but even the back country is being transformed by technological change, and regional cultures are being eaten away.

The decline of regionalism, however, does not necessarily mean the triumph of conformity. There are other and more important forces of resistance, and that is why I think that Frohock is wrong to make so much of regional differences. Mass production and prosperity mean the multiplication of choices. That is one reason why the other-directed keep their eyes on their neighbors: they are afraid to take the responsibility of choosing for themselves. But the choices are there, and it is probable that there are greater opportunities for what Riesman calls autonomy in our society than in any that has previously existed.

The road to autonomy is hard, and, as Riesman suggests, we cannot expect many to travel it, but those who do may have an influence out of proportion to their number. Moreover, there are other alternatives to cultural uniformity. The Beats are not autonomous; they are, to use another of Riesman's terms, anomic. They reject contemporary society without discrimination. Yet something can be said for anomie, as Riesman admits: "There are some cultures where I would place a higher value on the maladjusted or anomic than on the adjusted." If, as Frohock believes, the quiet Beats greatly outnumber the noisy ones, the former may be a considerable force against conformity.

AT ANY rate, Frohock is right in suggesting that most of our serious literature is written by and about nonconformists. Whom is it written for? Much of it, I am afraid, is written for a handful of readers, but when "Franny and Zooey" leads the best-seller lists, one hesitates to generalize about the American reading public. Even if it is true, as it probably is, that the reading of Salinger is now an act of conformity, that fact is itself significant. In the very nature of things the other-directed are unsure of themselves. They do not present any such solid front to the enemy as did the inner-directed Philistines of the nineteenth century.

As I have said on various occasions, some of our talented young writers, when they get up on public platforms, wail about the lugubrious state of contemporary civilization. Heaven knows there is plenty to wail about, but not so much as they make out. When you read their books, you discover that the land is not wholly shrouded by a gray pall of conformity; there are characters who get away with nonconformity, and some of them even have a good time doing it. I agree with Frohock that the testimony of our literature is encouraging. The very fact that so many young people insist on writing books that earn them next to nothing, when, by current standards, they ought to be going after the big money on Madison Avenue, is evidence that the triumph of conformity is less than complete.

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One Dedicated to Crises

—Leo Rosenthal-Machal—from Pix

Dag Hammarskjold (right) with Patrice Lumumba—The stakes were high.

"Dag Hammarskjold and Crisis Diplomacy," by Richard I. Miller *(Oceana. 344 pp. Hardbound, $6. Paperback, $2.25), and* ***"Dag Hammarskjold: Custodian of the Brushfire Peace," by Joseph P. Lash*** *(Doubleday. 297 pp. $4.50), limn the late Secretary-General's mission and personality. Ernest A. Gross, an international lawyer, has been Deputy Representative of the United States to the U.N.*

By Ernest A. Gross

RICHARD MILLER'S "Dag Hammarskjold and Crisis Diplomacy" is a self-styled "case study." It emphasizes the tasks that the late Secretary-General confronted and the methods by which he tackled them. The man is seen through his work. Joseph Lash's book, on the other hand, is the study of a personality, moving through his mission. The work is seen through the man. Both books were completed shortly before Hammarskjold's death, and published as soon as possible thereafter. Except for a brief postlude, with which Mr. Lash closes his book, no change was made in either manuscript to take account of the tragic event.

Mr. Lash's biography of the late and great Secretary-General is excellently written and highly perceptive, both as to the nature of the office and its working requirements. A veteran among United Nations reporters, Mr. Lash exhibits in this book a blend of critical insight and sympathetic understanding. It was a trait by which he earned the respect of the subject of his biography.

The full dimension of Dag Hammarskjold, and the ultimate significance of the "fires all around the horizon" that he fought, cannot fully be evaluated by his contemporaries. Moreover, there is an inherent risk in any attempt to create a portrait of a still-living personality through interviews with his friends, neighbors, and former schoolmates. Natural reticence and a sense of tact inhibit frankness on a matter as intimate as character analysis for publication. The resulting picture is bound to be more or less than life-size. Nevertheless, Mr. Lash overcomes the dilemma through a sense of human values and rigorous honesty. The Secretary-General's character emerges in terms of his work and his purposes.

His life of celibacy and austere intellectuality centered upon his tasks. His wide reading and disciplined recreation, his love of poetry and art, his quiet humor—these all served as primary resources to strengthen a capacity for fulfilling his one essential dedication: work.

In a chapter entitled "Vox Populorum" Mr. Lash penetratingly describes Hammarskjold's personality in action: in "antiseptic" press conferences, in sometimes "obscure" dialogues with associates, in public speeches without "staged effects," and in his "nuances" of diplomatic exchange. As Mr. Lash aptly says: "It is only a step from the nuanced statement to the obscure one." Hammarskjold combined a gift for imagery and crispness with an occasionally elusive method of expression. At times he resorted to obscurity as a poet would—a form of "intellectual calisthenics," in his own phrase. People who talked often with him would no doubt agree that in his speech he cast nets with which to retain large ideas, allowing the smaller ones to escape.

This quality of mind and temperament reflected a deeper truth about him: even in his close friendships, there was, as Mr. Lash says, "always one part of him withheld." Yet, he also had large capacity for "warmth and genuine affection."

The "case book" of Mr. Miller is a catalogue of crises. Studies in depth, elaborately footnoted and documented, of Hammarskjold's principal missions, confirm the fact that the maturing of the Office of the Secretary-General was no historical accident. The executive function was forged on the anvil of necessity, even though tempered by the skill and wisdom of the man himself.

In his Introduction Mr. Miller candidly declares that "a book about the turbulent, contemporary scene cannot satisfy the canons of detached scholarship." His avowed objective is the more limited one of contributing "a ready source of information" for the scholars who will come later. Such an effort places a high premium on differentiating between fact and opinion. In several instances the two are regrettably blurred in his book.

Thus, in evaluating the case of Lebanon-Jordan, and the controversial United States military intervention there, Mr. Miller quotes Hammarskjold's report to the Security Council on July 16, 1958, that the United Nations Observation Group in Lebanon "is fully equipped to play the part envisaged for it" and that he hoped "no later developments will cause a setback," thus implying dissent from the unilateral American action.

Mr. Miller questions the validity of Hammarskjold's conclusions as to the effectiveness of the U.N. Observation Group and—without documentation or citation—imputes to the Group dereliction in their duty, charging them with being "seen in the bars and at parties on the beach," thus discrediting them-

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selves and their mission in the eyes of "most people in Beirut." Future scholars, looking to contemporary source material, will find it difficult to evaluate Mr. Miller's comments concerning the attitudes of "most people" in Beirut or, as he enlarges upon the point in the same context, "most Lebanese." This important event in the history of the Organization and the development of the concept of the "United Nations Presence" is analyzed by Mr. Lash with greater insight and dimension.

Another illustration of the risk of confusing fact with questionable opinion may be found in Mr. Miller's comment that when Khrushchev banged his shoe upon his General Assembly desk, the "new members were puzzled more than anything else. Their proper English and French education said this was not the thing to do, but their tribal roots said quite the opposite." Such carefree disparagement of the undifferentiated "new members," again without citing the evidence, does not enhance the value of the work as a "source of data for more detached studies."

Indeed, Mr. Miller's analysis appears to this reviewer to be quite wide of the mark. Khrushchev's desk-pounding demonstrations were gestures of frustration, tinged with contempt. There were few, if any, in the Assembly Hall who were "puzzled"; nor did it require the ancient wisdom of "tribal roots" to see who had won the day.

The conclusion of Mr. Miller's book, written in July 1961, suffers more than does that of Mr. Lash from the hasty publication following Hammarskjold's death, without opportunity for revision to meet the basically altered circumstance. Allowance must always be made for some obsolescence in a contemporary chronicle, by reason of the inevitable lag between authorship and publication. Nevertheless, one cannot escape a sense of disturbance upon reading, posthumously, such comments as: "Today Mr. Hammarskjold probably understands more fully what Trygvie Lie had in mind when . . ."

There is particular poignancy in Mr. Miller's unwitting prophecy in his concluding remarks concerning the Congo: "The stakes in the Congo are high. They involve not only the fate of Mr. Hammarskjold . . ."

The "Custodian of the Brushfire Peace" was himself consumed in one of the fires. A bereaved survivor of one lost with him in the final mission cried in anguish: "Surely, some phoenix must arise from this . . . It *can't* have been in vain!" Dag Hammarskjold neither worked, nor died, alone. It is left for all the rest of us to say whether he worked, or died, in vain.

Rising Star of the P. M.

"The Age of Churchill: Heritage and Adventure, 1874-1911," by Peter de Mendelssohn *(Knopf. 650 pp. $8.95), begins with the youth who was considered backward by his family, ends with Sir Winston installed at the Admiralty. John Clive is associate professor of history at the University of Chicago; his specialty is modern Britain.*

By John Clive

THE GREATEST service performed by this massive first part of Peter de Mendelssohn's planned trilogy is to remind us that the Churchill of "blood, sweat, and tears," of "the Nahzi menace," of "some chicken—some neck!" represents only the magnificent concluding chapter of a career that had its beginning when Queen Victoria still sat on the throne of England, and when "fall out" meant nothing more ominous than leaving one's place in the ranks. Descended from the great Duke of Marlborough, whose biographer he was to become, son of a famous American beauty, Jennie Jerome, and of that brilliantly gifted and ill-fated Lord Randolph, who flashed cometlike across the late Victorian political firmament, Winston was for some time regarded as backward by his family. He did very badly at Harrow; and when, as something of a last resort, he chose the army as his career, he twice failed the entrance examination to Sandhurst, and his performance the third time around sufficed only to give him a cavalry cadetship and not, as he had hoped, entrance into the infantry. But his talents soon were revealed. They were not such as could be circumscribed by the institutional framework of a public school or military academy: love of action and adventure, independence, blazing ambition, a sardonic sense of humor, a burning curiosity about men and ideas that sought its own channels. Here, if ever, was the prototype of the inner-directed man (though his sensitivity to the English language, the one accomplishment he took away from Harrow, would have made him shudder, then and now, at this formulation).

These qualities drove him into the vortex of events, wherever it was to be found—into the North-West Frontier

—*Vivienne, Pix*

Winston Churchill—"prototype of the inner-directed man."

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war; into the Sudan, fighting off the charge of the Dervish army at Omdurman, "the last armed clash between the Middle Ages and modern times," and, as a far-from-nonbelligerent war correspondent, into the Boer War. He was not yet thirty. But he had already become such a well-known figure that news of his escape from the officers' prisoner-of-war camp at Pretoria was greeted in song by a Lancashire music-hall comedian:

> You've heard of Winston Churchill.
> This is all I need to say—
> He's the latest and the greatest
> Correspondent of the day.

Then came politics, first on the Conservative side of the House, his father's old stamping ground; later, when roadblocks of Cecils, Balfours, tedium, and protectionism barred the way to advancement and adventure in that party, with the Liberals, who were about to undertake the double task of establishing a measure of social democracy and of demolishing what remained of aristocratic predominance in English society. The scion of the house of Marlborough who had "ratted" from his party threw himself into both parts of the task with gusto and to good effect. As president of the Board of Trade and as Home Secretary he came to be directly concerned with such measures as setting up the first labor exchanges in conjunction with unemployment insurance, prison reform, and Acts improving conditions of work in the mines and in the retail trades. And in the Liberal Party's epic constitutional struggle with the House of Lords he fought alongside Lloyd George to curtail the powers of that body.

During that period Churchill found time to write the classic biography of his father, to get married, to take personal charge of smoking out a couple of anarchists who had barricaded themselves in a London building, to defend himself against the suffragettes, who had chosen him as one of their special targets, and to become both star and stormy petrel of London society. The end of this volume sees Churchill installed at the Admiralty, preparing for the war with Germany that he felt sure was coming.

It cannot be said that Mr. de Mendelssohn has risen to the challenge of his theme with total success. He is, understandably, overawed by his great subject. But this does not excuse his penchant for indulging in ponderous pseudo-Burckhardtian aphorisms on the order of: "Strange indeed are the ways of history, and stranger still the ways of those who try to trace them"; nor does it justify his ultimately wearisome attitude of never ceasing to be amazed by the fact that some of the people who crossed the young Churchill's path later gained fame in their own right. Indeed, he is excessively given to what turns out at times to be rather strained comparisons between the problems and personalities of Edwardian England and those of the England of the Forties and Fifties of this century. It is certainly true that Churchill was remarkably prescient; it is also true that he retained with little change many of the ideas he formed in his youth. But the Welfare State is farther removed from the age of Asquith and Lloyd George than Mr. de Mendelssohn appears to think.

On the debit side, finally, it must be noted that the author has not solved the problem of emphasis and proportion that inevitably arises in the writing of any "Life and Times." Some of the essential elements for a portrait of Sir Winston are present—his father's influence, Lloyd George's influence, Churchill's dramatic sense of self-involvement in the historical process, his prankish strain—but they float along an immense and occasionally murky stream of narrative, like pieces of a jig-saw puzzle that someone forgot to put together. However, generous quotations from Churchill's own speeches and from the opinions expressed about him by his contemporaries enable the reader to construct his own image; and, above all, help bring into view a Churchill often forgotten and obscured by virtue of his later achievements.

Destiny of a Defector

"The Beloved Land," by Vladimir Dedijer *(Simon & Schuster. 382 pp. $5.95), according to the author, is the story of one man's fate viewed against the background of his family and his country. In 1944 Life magazine assigned John Phillips to report the Yugoslav Partisan war, in which Dedijer fought.*

By John Phillips

VLADIMIR DEDIJER was a long-time associate of Tito, Djilas, Kardelj, and Rankovic, the four revolutionaries who set up the Communist state in Yugoslavia. Until 1954 he was one of Tito's closest friends; then he broke with him by publicly defending Djilas, who had fallen from power by advocating greater freedom for the Yugoslav people. Today Dedijer is in England teaching history and doing research at Manchester University and St. Anthony's College, Oxford.

His book is a harrowing saga of life in a backward and intolerant country from the days of his great-grandfather to the end of the Second World War. Dedijer believes that "tolerance" alone can solve Yugoslavia's problems and heal its "traumas"; and he offers an explanation for his young country's chronic intransigence: "We were put in an historical deep freeze for four and a half centuries. . . . One part of our people fell under Turkish rule, and the other constituted a bastion defending Europe. . . . Behind this shield, Europe could develop by itself; we, however, remained 'the people of the Balkans.' "

With its abundance of soul-searching and colorful characters "The Beloved Land" reads like a Slav novel. Great-grandfather Jovan flogs his daughter senseless for giving in to the whim of selecting her own husband. Grandmother Nana, a sixteen-year-old bride, climbs a nut tree on her wedding day. Mother Milica, an ardent feminist, devotes much of her energy to bringing up her boys with a proper respect for women. Father Jevto, a university professor, dedicates his life to the overthrow of the Hapsburgs (he participated in the plot to assassinate Franz Ferdinand at Sarajevo). Brother Stevan, a paratrooper in the United States' 101st Airborne, becomes General Maxwell Taylor's bodyguard at Arnhem. But of the lot—family and friends—Djilas emerges the most striking figure.

DEDIJER started out as a journalist. To earn his keep, while he studied law at night in the Thirties, the author joined the staff of the opposition newspaper. Horrified by the cynicism of the regime, he was ripe for rebellion the day he met Djilas. At this first meeting Dedijer poured his heart out: "The Communist Party is the only national party. It is not rabidly pro-Serb or pro-Croat but pro-Yugoslav. . . . I am ready to do anything the Communist Party asks me."

With the candor of a cub reporter he describes what the Party did ask him. Take this conversation:

> "Is there any possibility of your going to the World's Fair in New York?" he asked. I explained the chances seemed remote, but I was

(*Continued on page* 54)

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Glimpses of an Inhuman Future

"The Temptation of the West," by André Malraux, *translated by Robert Hollander (Vintage. 122 pp. Paperback, 95¢), one of the author's earliest works, anticipates with misgivings a time when East and West not only meet but combine their more dangerous traits. Germaine Brée is the author of the literary study "Camus."*

By Germaine Bree

SINCE 1923, when young André Malraux (he was twenty-two) suddenly left the feverish scene of literary Paris for the then-exotic lands of the Far East, his personality seems to have undergone as many metamorphoses as the gods of which he so eloquently speaks in his recent widely discussed books on art. The story of his life, both fact and legend, has often been told, a sort of cloak-and-dagger tale that led the reckless young adventurer from his search for Khmer statues—about which he and the colonial administrators did not see eye to eye—to his present position as Minister of State responsible, amusingly enough, for the intelligent care of France's own cultural heritage. "The Temptation of the West," written between 1921-25, published in 1926, certainly reveals the fundamental Malraux beneath all the metamorphoses: the restless, driving energy, the high-powered, rhetorical, impassioned speech, the haughty isolation of a mind forever beating against its own limitations, the fascination with the life and death of civilizations and with art.

It is always easy and often fallacious to say that a writer is already entirely present and, as it were, complete in a brief early book. To be sure, there is much in Malraux's later work that "The Temptation of the West" hardly foreshadows, but the tense, dramatic finale of the book is not really very far removed from the lyrical pages with which he likes to conclude his meditations on the plastic arts.

And what of the China that Malraux deals with in this first work that really bears his stamp? So great has been its transformation that even a cursory reading gives something of a shock.

Andre Malraux—"sense of doom."

China has traveled far in the last forty years. And the West?

"The Temptation of the West," hastily thrown together, seems almost as if it had been improvised to satisfy a great and urgent need to speak. Impatiently, Malraux seized on an old and well-worn literary device, the exchange of letters: A.D., a twenty-five-year-old Frenchman traveling in the Far East and writing from on board ship and from Canton, Shanghai, and Tientsin, corresponds with the Chinese A. W. Ling, who is traveling in Europe. Both engage in that centuries-old game of definition and discovery: what characterizes an "occidental," what an "oriental"? The concepts, of course, are pretty broad. But although Ling does take a trip to Rome, so far as he is concerned, writing with Malraux's pen, "the occident" is France. Young Malraux obviously felt that "oriental" might perhaps be a rather vague term, and briefly pauses—as briefly as possible—to point out that Ling is not a type but an individual. To Ling, Malraux gives the bulk of the book, twelve out of the seventeen letters; but A.D. comes in at the opening, the middle, and the end with the crucial themes. Understandably enough, the book does not avoid some of the traditional stereotypes; the "Chinese temperament" serving as a contrast to and reverse of the "occidental"; the occidental "will-to-power" balancing the "cosmic detachment" of the Orient. Malraux seemed to have absorbed, along with Nietzsche, large doses of Spengler's then-recent book on the "Decline of the West," and we are singularly far removed still from the revolutionary China that Malraux was so violently to impose upon Western imaginations with "The Conquerors" and "Man's Fate."

But as A.D., dreaming of an imaginary Orient old as History itself, moves toward China, and as Ling, uninterested in the past of Europe but obsessed by Europe's power, moves toward Paris, their dialogue gains in intensity and depth. Passionate, lucid, driven by the need to dominate the cosmos, no longer knowing why, A.D. confronts Ling and his vision of a humanity linked by all the fibers of its sensitivity to a cosmos loved for its beauty and felt as timeless.

The most original and forceful part of the book lies in the sense of doom Malraux creates as both men glimpse the ultimate fate awaiting their civilizations: the European caught in the vise of its relentless energy and its power to understand, but shorn of faith and facing only death; the Chinese tempted by the efficiency of an occident it hates; and both deprived of the vital links that tie action to thought. There are brilliant flashes of intuition here. The inhuman future that would result if the Chinese detachment and the Western drive for conquest should combine is something Malraux had glimpsed vaguely with a concern which now seems justified. Modestly and competently translated, "The Temptation of the West" could hardly have come at a more appropriate time.

FRASER YOUNG'S

LITERARY CRYPT NO. 959

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 959 will be found in the next issue.

BY ACMES ACB AYGGCBN HIS NSSKSEH OYFCOHDSE CBN HIS PQSCHSEH ECAQDRDASE YR GSB HDOO DH DE KQSESBHSN MBNSQ C GYQCO CEKSAH.

EAIOSEDBPSQ EQ.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 958

Business men who would blush to be seen in a five-year-old car proudly make medieval pronouncements on economics. —HENRY ROBINSON.

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The Anatomy of a Vendetta

"Daughter of Silence," by Morris L. West *(William Morrow. 275 pp. $3.95), translates into fiction an actual case of long-nursed vengeance and symbolic murder by a young Italian girl. Hélène Cantarella, teacher and translator, concentrates her critical attention on modern European literature.*

By Helene Cantarella

SOME years ago, the Italian press gave wide play to a strange story of vengeance. Returning one morning to her native town, a young woman of twenty-four had without warning emptied her revolver into the body of the unsuspecting mayor. What lay behind this desperate act? After the ensuing uproar had died down, a preliminary juridical inquiry established that the dead man had, sixteen years earlier, presided as a partisan leader over the drumhead trial of a local widow accused of collaboration with the invading Germans, and her summary execution had been carried out before the eyes of her traumatized eight-year-old daughter, now grown into a tragic, silent, implacable avenger.

Around the bare bones of this true story, the noted Australian writer Morris L. West has built a complex and absorbing novel that involves not only Anna Albertini (as he calls the protagonist of this singular blood-feud) but all the people whose destinies impinge on hers.

As in his best-seller "The Devil's Advocate," the scene is laid in contemporary Italy—this time in a little sun-drenched Tuscan town just outside Siena. On a summer holiday in a nearby villa are Alberto Ascolini, a great Roman jurist; his daughter, the faithless, bored Valeria, and her husband, Carlo Rienzi, who, as a junior partner in his father-in-law's firm, must still prove himself as a successful advocate.

Rienzi recognizes his chance in Anna and offers to become her defense attorney, despite the open-shut nature of the *prima facie* evidence against her. With the help of Peter Landon, an Australian-born psychiatrist on sabbatical leave in Siena to work with Ascolini in the field of criminal psychopathology, Rienzi maps out the intricate course of Anna's defense. The sure and easy way would be to plead insanity, but that would nullify the symbolic meaning of Anna's act and destroy her as effectively as a verdict of guilty.

The trial, which becomes a catalyst in the personal drama of all the characters, is the high point of the novel. Anna, beautiful, poignant, and dissociated after the cathartic effect of her act of revenge, seems throughout to be the embodiment of Alfieri's famous line "High Vengeance is the daughter of deep silence."

In the process of determining the degree of her guilt (there can be no acquittal in the face of Anna's confession), the ostensibly antithetical concepts of Italian and British juridical procedure are clarified in a brilliantly exciting exchange of views between Ascolini, who, as an Italian jurist, champions Roman law, and Landon, who

best understands the workings of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. Here again, Mr. West's rare gifts as a dialectician stand him in fine stead.

If this strangely compelling anatomy of a political vendetta lacks the incandescent purity that places "The Devil's Advocate" in a class by itself, it nonetheless is marked by the same bold, dramatic vision of man and things. The work cries out for theatrical treatment, and Mr. West's own dramatization of "Daughter of Silence" had its Broadway première on November 30.

American Debut of Oriental Trio

"The Old Woman, the Wife, and the Archer: Three Modern Japanese Short Novels," translated by Donald Keene *(Viking. 172 pp. $3.95), identifies in its English title the respective protagonists of two stories about modern family life in Japan and a tale of the miraculous set in the distant past. William Clifford co-edited "A Treasury of Modern Asian Stories."*

By William Clifford

ALL HONOR to Donald Keene for translating and to the Viking Press for publishing, in one volume, three novellas by three contemporary Japanese writers unknown in America. The novella is a form favored in Japan and elsewhere in Asia, though less familiar in translation than novels and short stories—our preferred lengths. It is additionally rewarding to find that the writers introduced here show a minimum of foreign influence.

The first of the three stories, and the most shocking, is "The Songs of Oak Mountain," by Shichiro Fukasawa. To Westerners who believe that elders are always revered and obeyed in the East this piece will be an eye-opener. The fact is that in a poverty-stricken society the aged have sometimes simply been sacrificed. If there is food enough for only so many mouths, everyone understands that an old grandmother must go, to make room for the new young wife or child.

In this story a pathetic note is added by Grandmother Orin's having exceptionally strong, perfectly preserved teeth. She is verging on seventy and is prepared to go up the mountain to die after the New Year. She has even saved up some *sake* for a farewell party. But these strong teeth, once her pride, are now mortifying. In a village where food is so scarce, it is shameful for an aged woman to appear ready and able to eat anything. She strikes at her front teeth with flint and stone and eventually knocks two of them out on a mortar. But instead of honoring her for her decrepit state, people are

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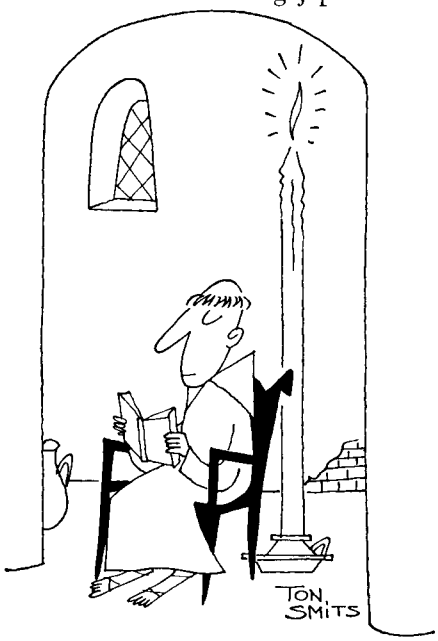
shocked by the blood dripping from her chin and call her a witch.

As Professor Keene points out, many major works of Japanese literature are by women, the most famous of them being Lady Murasaki's "The Tale of Genji." "Ohan" (the second story in this book) is by Chiyo Uno, considered the most accomplished woman writer in Japan today. In this story an abandoned wife hesitates to resume cohabitation with her husband because she fears he will not be happy after seven years with his geisha mistress. Actually Ohan, the wife, is a shadowy character—made deliberately so, perhaps, since she embodies the submissive, inarticulate, self-sacrificing virtues of the old-fashioned Japanese woman. Her husband, weak, dependent, vacillating, self-accusing, and self-pitying, is hardly a hero, but he is a fully believable character.

The story "Asters," by Jun Ishikawa, requires a suspension of disbelief in the miraculous. Set in the more distant past than the previous two (at least seven centuries ago, rather than a few generations), it reflects the twilight period of an aristocracy. Its callous brutality is tempered by the revelation that a beautiful young woman is really a fox and that the youthful governor's wanton destruction of life is partly mysterious. Birds and beasts vanish without a trace, arrows are caught in mid-air, and the governor discovers a Shangri-La of happy people on the other side of the mountain. Still, his taste for blood, human as well as animal, is a disconcertingly realistic note in what most of us may take for a fantasy.

If the difference in style of these three stories is any proof, Donald Keene has performed remarkably the superhuman task of translating Japanese.



IDEAS

Ideological Hay Ride

"Writers on the Left: Episodes in American Literary Communism," by Daniel Aaron *(Harcourt, Brace & World. 396 pp. $7.50), discusses the political rather than the literary effects of U.S. authors' response to Marxism in the first half of this century. David Dempsey has frequently written on America's cultural past.*

By David Dempsey

"THE HAPPIEST excitement in life is to be convinced that one is fighting for all one is worth on behalf of some clearly seen and deeply felt good and against some greatly scorned evil," wrote Van Wyck Brooks in "America's Coming of Age." No statement better explains the leftward drift of American intellectuals since the second decade of this century, a period comprising two world wars, ten years of irresponsible prosperity, the Great Depression, and the beginning of the Cold War. "Writers on the Left" deals with this drift as a political rather than a literary movement. It is, among other things, a coroner's report on the "radical" writer by a marvelously objective student of the period. I cannot imagine any account of this difficult subject being written with more sympathetic insight into an era that "turned college professors into union leaders, philosophers into politicians, novelists into agitators, poets into public speakers." Moreover, it is a rare example of a book whose appendicized footnotes generously supplement rather than distract from the text.

This is one of the Fund for the Republic's series on Communism in American Life. Mr. Aaron explores the response of the writer to the Communist (for the pre-1918 years, read Socialist) idea, and the image he leaves with us is that of an ideological hayride—sometimes reckless, often exciting—through recent history. Horse-drawn in the early days, after the crash of '29 the vehicle was equipped with an internal combustion engine and a dual exhaust. Out of one (the noisiest) came that unending succession of bleats and manifestoes that characterized the trained Party hack, the man who, most of the time, was at the wheel. From the other (equipped with a muffler) emanated the sympathetic but largely independent purr of the responsible writer. Unfortunately, he spent most of the ride as a fellow-traveler. If he got off when the car slowed down, there was usually someone else to take his seat. The synchronization between driver and passenger was faulty, but both were going in the same direction and not until the machine fell apart in the early Forties did the absurdity of the arrangement become fully apparent.

This, if I am allowed a rather oversimplified metaphor, is the substance of Mr. Aaron's book. Even so, it is somewhat incomplete, for three vital decades of American literature are discussed without mention of the vital books, even when (as with "The Grapes of Wrath" and "It Can't Happen Here") it is difficult to imagine the books getting written without the "Left" pull of the times. There are many discussions of Dos Passos, but no critique of the trilogy "U.S.A.," which crystalized out of his Marxist period. Farrell's "Studs Lonigan" series is unmentioned, although Farrell at that time was deeply committed to the Left.

These are intentional omissions, since the framework of the study has been fitted to the writer rather than his work; one feels, nevertheless, that this is a limitation. "Writers on the Left" shows us how American writers flirted with Marx (sometimes marrying into the family), yet fails to show us how this flirtation affected their work.

It is easy now, looking back in affluence, to forget that writers once wrote in anger, although it is not so easy to forget that there was much to be angry about. Few serious authors escaped the call to arms, and even those who declined—as Distributists, perhaps, or Humanists—took part in the Marxist "dialogue" (as it would now be called). Dreiser and Dos Passos, among others, could invade Harlan County, Kentucky, to test "free speech" and to see the condition of the unemployed miners. The Scottsboro Boys were not to be hanged without protest. Hemingway, who was soon to return to Spain and "For Whom the Bell Tolls," appeared as star performer at the Left-wing Second American Writers Congress in 1937. True, the Communists had a habit of pre-

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empting these causes, but could one "pass by" simply because of this? The Depression demanded that intellectuals take a stand. "Yet for the majority of writers who were associated in some way or another with the movement, it was the times, not the party, that made them radicals," Mr. Aaron states.

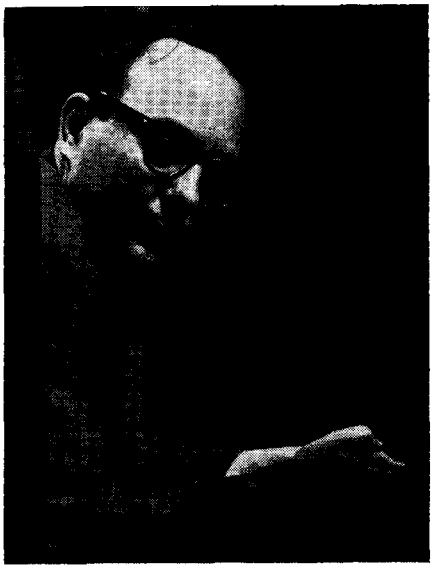
At the core of the movement was Marxism, a magnet around which these men arranged and rearranged themselves like iron filings. There was an inner ring of dedicated revolutionaries, Communists like Mike Gold and Joseph Freeman; a series of outer rings that embraced such independents as Max Eastman and V. F. Calverton; and, farther out, liberal-Left sympathizers of the Sherwood Anderson, Malcolm Cowley, Edmund Wilson, Archibald MacLeish variety. Even Sinclair Lewis, who preferred to hack at American institutions from a penthouse, wrote letters to the *New Masses*.

As Mr. Aaron makes clear, not all of these men really knew their Marx, and few were members of the Party. Their motive was the feeling for humanity that drives men to be writers in the first place, so that to deny the challenge posed by the Thirties appeared to be a choking-off of the creative spirit itself. It has been fashionable to say that the whole Left orientation of the Thirties made bad writers look better than they were, and lured good writers into doing bad work; but this is not wholly true. Many of the younger men —Farrell, Erskine Caldwell, Dos Passos, Steinbeck—wrote their most memorable works during this period. It was a good age in which to cut one's literary teeth. The writers who suffer in retrospect are those tiresome Party propagandists and "proletarian" novelists whose talent lagged hopelessly behind their revolutionary zeal.

The striking thing is not that the Party attracted so many writers, but that it held so few. In a sense, Communism was a whetstone on which the intellectual and the artist sharpened their own developing points of view. It was necessary to make contact with the stone, but fatal to remain so, and at its best the Marxist temper gave writers an opportunity for toughening up, a milieu in which to function. The times imposed a condition on writing that is largely missing today: a unifying theme, material, a common cause, a vitality out of which a literary ethic—if not always an esthetic—could emerge. The fact is that the best writers used Marx almost as selfishly as the Marxists used them, and we are all heirs of the exchange.

To show how this curious dialectic came about is the achievement of Mr. Aaron's study. How it ended is revealed, in a few typical cases, in what he sees as the dénouement of the play. "In act three, the movement declines, for literary radicalism never seems to be sustained over a long period, and the writer is gradually absorbed again into the society he has rejected." The curtain falls so rapidly on this scene that we are left dangling, until we realize that it is really the curtain of charity. Some of these "reabsorbed" men were to become blatant apologists for the system they once so violently condemned. Religion claimed one or two, the universities many. Others simply got a good paying job, while not a few became "best-selling" authors. Rare was the radical who was allowed to withdraw gracefully and go his own way without public recantation. Mr. Aaron dwells not at all on this unhappy postlude to the age, and perhaps it is just as well. In Malraux's phrase, "The road from political idealism to political reality is strewn with the corpses of our dead selves."

Afflicted Man on Terra Firma



Peter Ritner — "would break the social lock step."

"The Society of Space," by Peter Ritner *(Macmillan, 144 pp. $3.75), probes most of the facets of human life and the impact on them of the Technological Revolution. Richard F. Humphreys is president of The Cooper Union for the Advancement of Science and Art.*

By Richard F. Humphreys

ONE RARELY knows whom to hold responsible for the title of a book—the author, the publisher, an interested friend? Certainly the intelligence, perception, and acumen displayed by the author of this work were apparently abandoned when the problem of its label arose, for it is not the society of space (whatever that is) that we are invited to consider, but the afflictions of man on terra firma. A title to me more apt might be "Musings of a Scholar on the State of Homo Sapiens."

In no sense are Mr. Ritner's cogitations idle or particularly abstract. They center on an analysis of the impact on civilized society of the Technological Revolution that the Western world has "enjoyed" in the last hundred years. A reading of the chapter headings is sufficient to indicate the range of his thoughts: "The Rejuvenation of Idealism," "Personality," "Other Forms of Life," "Youth and Work," "Love," "Art," "The Empire," "The Ultimate Future." The prologue makes clear that the book discourses on three kinds of "space": that inside the head (intellectual potentialities), that for making choices (opportunities presented by the Technological Revolution), and that measured in light years (extraterrestrial environment). With these as his thread and intelligence as his shuttle he weaves a tapestry of inquiries, sermons, speculations, and profundities on the loom of Technological Revolution, with a somewhat faint pattern of space (light-years variety) cutting across it.

It will not be surprising that an author who prowls from the Second Law of Thermodynamics (somehow its grasp must be broken) to planned obsolescence ("technology of the shabby"), from the "senility of idealism" to the population explosion, will leave strong indentations on some subjects, add only dust to others. His chapter on "Youth and Work" is refreshing and constructive. A comparison of the population "profile" and the economic "profile" of our industrial society drives him to the conviction that rootlessness, irresponsibility, even delinquency, arise from the lack of social *need* for youth today. The time has long passed when a father needed sons to till the soil or carry on his skills, a mother needed daughters to do the housework and help make the clothing. Today our

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young people are the victims of an overorganized society that has pretty well excluded them from the organization.

> What a truly civilized society must do, as a matter of deliberate policy, is plan multi-headed campaigns to introduce planned *disorder* into life at all levels, sculpting the monolithic thrusts of the Technological Revolution into unique and winsome *bizarries*, randomizing them, breaking them up, giving them something of the "natural" eccentric character of organic phenomena.

Peter Ritner would break the social lock step, would achieve his planned disorder, by giving youths something to *master*, something unique to themselves, something to convince them and the world that they can contribute to society. "The day will come, when we are a more civilized people, that the American family will feel disgraced which sends a boy or girl out into the world who does not know, right to his fingertips, how to play a violin, or carpenter, or break horses, or sew, or rig sail, or manufacture a book."

Never does the author's style become pedantic or dull. He has a sharp sense for the fresh phrase, for the cheerfully impudent word. ("A man believes in God when he senses the existence of God—perhaps as a kind of warmth in the Cosmos, like a hot-water bottle, without which Space and Time would be chill and worthless things"; or ". . . American juveniles—crammed to the larynx with round steak and mixed vitamins—a downtrodden and debilitated class! It flies in the face of basic biology.") If you enjoy an evening with a keen mind, a scholar of great range of interests, an expressive, emphatic vocabulary, then Mr. Ritner is a companion to be highly recommended.

They Tore Europe's Social Fabric

"Prophets of Yesterday: Studies in European Culture, 1890-1914," by Gerhard Masur *(Macmillan. 481 pp. $7.50), argues that the Continent's decline was due not to World War I but to the undermining of traditional cultural values by such iconoclasts as Darwin, Marx, and Freud. J. Salwyn Schapiro, professor emeritus of history at CCNY, is the author of "Condorcet" and "Liberalism and the Challenge of Fascism."*

By J. Salwyn Schapiro

OF ALL the extraordinary changes in our time, the most surprising, at least to the historian, has been the disappearance of Europe as the overlord of the world. Really not a continent at all, but a peninsula of Asia, Europe had ruled nearly all of Africa and most of Asia, and had peopled the Americas and Australasia. Its cultural, political, and economic achievements had been accepted universally as the measure of human progress. Its ideals of individual liberty, human equality, and rationalism had everywhere been acclaimed. This pre-eminence has now vanished. Furthermore, "Europe" itself has shrunk to what it had been prior to the nineteenth century — Western Europe.

It all began in 1914. Many volumes have been written dealing with the diplomatic, political, and economic causes of the First World War that led to the loss of Europe's hegemony. A new interpretation of the origin of that war is presented by Gerhard Masur, professor of history at Sweet Briar College, in "Prophets of Yesterday." Mr. Masur's bold, original thesis is that the prime cause of Europe's débacle lay, not in the discredited alliance system so frequently stressed by historians, but in the cultural disharmony, or clash between old and new values, that existed in the nineteenth century and reached a climax during the period 1890-1914, when the Europeans "felt the winter of their civilization approaching."

The seamless garment of modern European culture, a heritage of the Renaissance and the Enlightenment, was, according to the author, rent into pieces during the nineteenth century by tensions arising from dissensions in every field of culture. His book is devoted to an examination and an appraisal of these dissensions—moral, literary, artistic, and scientific. He finds that the existing cultural values were challenged on all sides. In the natural sciences, Darwinism asserted that moral ideals "have no value in themselves but only in their capacity to strengthen our chance for survival." In the political sciences, Hegel equated might with right. In the social sciences, Marx interpreted world history in terms of class war. In morals, Nietzsche repudiated Judaeo-Christian morality and gave an ideological justification for the will to power. In philosophy, Bergson, in a style of "precise elegance," asserted that the impetus of life transcends rationalism. In psychology, Freud proclaimed that all thinking was "a complicated and circuitous path toward the goal of wish-fulfilment." In literature, the cleavage between the artist and his time was expressed by Baudelaire's "venomous disdain for all bourgeois morality." In art, impressionism, by painting the "surface of things woven from light and color," constituted a revolution of the first order. These developments convince Masur that the nineteenth century was not a period of placidity and stability, as in the conventional view, but one of deep and bitter discord. The revolts led by the "prophets of yesterday" impaired the

(*Continued on page* 54)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

URBAN PILGRIMAGE

Here are a score of words ending in *-city*, submitted by Isabella K. Rhodes of, fittingly enough, New York City. (Example: A city of light and power. *Electricity.*) Answers on page 66.

1. City of liars
2. Very happy place
3. City of homes
4. There's not much of this one
5. A stretchable city
6. A truthful place
7. City in many parts
8. This one will hold you fast
9. This one is genuine
10. This one is very odd
11. Plain, undecorated city
12. Well-advertised city
13. If you are talkative, you will like this one
14. Watch out for double dealing here!
15. Sounds like a dog's foot, but there is very little of it
16. A lively city
17. You will get tit for tat here
18. Countrified city
19. City with a long past
20. Greedy, grasping city

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Freedom and Logic

WHY not a National Think-Things-Through Week? We have had Bubble-Gum Week and a Hula-Hoop Week; why not a week during which we would declare a moratorium on twaddle and apply the rules of common sense to questions affecting the American future? Every proposition would be rigorously tested. It would be open season on contradictions and empty assumptions. For example:

1. Advocates of home fallout shelters contend we must be realistic in a nuclear age. They say we must accept the possibility that the United States may be hit without warning. They say that home shelters could save millions of lives. Then, when the point is made that an all-out attack involving firestorms and radiological weapons could convert home shelters into human incinerators or burial vaults, the proponents of home shelters say that this is an extreme view. They say that poison gas was available in the last war but was not used, and that we are therefore wrong in assuming that an enemy would employ a total nuclear attack this time. They feel certain he would concentrate on military targets, expending only as many nuclear explosives as are essential for that purpose. Having invoked a raging uncertainty about the intentions of the enemy in the first place, they switch to a soothing certainty about the intentions of the enemy in the second place.

In short, we are expected to believe that the same enemy who is unscrupulous enough to hit us in a surprise nuclear attack would be too decent to use whatever force is necessary for his objectives.

2. The nuclear-gamesmanship contingent says that under no circumstances should there be negotiations looking toward an elimination of nuclear weapons. They know of no system of inspection or enforcement that cannot be violated. The fact that the enemy cannot be trusted is the prime fact of modern life. Therefore, they see a continuation of the nuclear arms race not just as an inescapable fact but as perhaps an essential fact. When it is asked whether a miscalculation or an accidental explosion leading to nuclear war might be the probable result of the arms race, they assure us that such is not the case. We are told, for example, that in the event of an initial explosion, the President of the United States could telephone the leader of the enemy nation and ask whether the blast is in fact the beginning of war; or he would ask whether some worrisome objects on our radar screen do in fact belong to the enemy. Indeed, the nuclear-gamesmanship contingent has seriously suggested that a direct private line be installed between the White House and the abode of the enemy chief, in order to avoid miscalculation and facilitate last-minute verification.

In short, we cannot believe anything the enemy tells us, except when we ask whether he has just hit us in a sneak nuclear attack, assuming he feels like answering his telephone.

3. Our nation has been increasingly annoyed by the failure of the uncommitted nations to see important moral distinctions between the U.S. and the USSR. Now comes the unilateral resumption of atmospheric testing by the Soviet Union in criminal disregard for the safety and environmental rights of the peoples. The issue is brought before the United Nations. The full extent of Soviet irresponsibility is detailed by speaker after speaker on the floor of the U.N. in support of a General Assembly resolution calling for an end to the tests. Two major nations, however, stand out against the resolution. One, of course, is the Soviet Union. The other is the United States.

In short, we are outraged when others put us in the same basket with the Soviet Union, but we reserve the right to climb into the basket ourselves.

4. Increasingly, the view is expressed by various commentators that Nikita Khrushchev is mad. But the same commentators proceed to do the very things that psychiatrists tell us are altogether irresponsible and hazardous in dealing with madmen. If you are in fact confronted with a madman, you would be foolish indeed to compete with him in vile recriminations, taunts, dares, or boasts about your own ability to kill —all of which have been done by those very observers who insist they know insanity when they see it.

The individual who has to cope with a madman does so by calling the authorities. If a nation has to cope with a madman, and the authorities do not exist, that nation turns all its energies into the effort to create authorities. Law is made by people, not people by law. When enough people decide that the present world anarchy or madness is destructive of their safety and their national independence, a responsible world authority will come into being and not before.

• • •

These are only a few of the items that might warrant sustained consideration in a Think-Things-Through Week. One of the benefits that might emerge from such scrutiny is the realization that an organic relationship exists between logic and freedom. The United States and its freedoms were the specific product of the rational process. In fact, the greatest single historical distinction of this government is that it was created by men who regarded logic as a powerful manifestation of a free society and the precondition for its survival. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

A TIME FOR ACTION

When I read the article "What You Can Do," by John F. Wharton [*SR*, Nov. 18], I appreciated anew how truly *SR* can be counted on to voice high moral values. Mr. Wharton has penetrated the crust of our false assumptions and revealed the true base of our strength, the will to resist which can generate its own force. It happened that I had just written the President somewhat along these lines and had felt content, perhaps, that I had done my bit. Now I hope to distribute copies of this article to my Congressmen as well as to friends. . . .

Ethel B. Power.
Cambridge, Mass.

No doubt "What You Can Do" will stir people to yet greater creative efforts in behalf of world peace. For, I dare say, men and women the country and world over believe, or at least wish to believe, in the possibility that they can overcome their moral dilemmas, even on a national and international scale. But much too often a cynical press has stymied the citizen's faith in his innate capacity to act with moral vigor. Rather, by persistently holding up to him an image of himself as spiritually and morally defeated, it has psychologically nurtured that very weakness. But man is hungry for great moral and spiritual venturing; he needs, however, positive, constructive, heartening leadership. And if the press, along with radio and TV, will lead forth with a dynamic program of moral action, I believe the citizens of our United States of America will follow through, and our country will again be on the way to fulfilling her sacred destiny, not in isolated leadership, but hand in hand with kindred spirits from every nation.

B. Iula Moore.
Boulder, Colo.

FALSE NOTE

While it would be a feather in the cap of the Episcopal Church to be able to claim "O God, our help in ages past" as an Episcopal hymn (Cleveland Amory in the November 4 issue of *SR*), it would be a disservice to Isaac Watts to let such a claim stand unprotested. Watts, who wrote this paraphrase of the first part of Psalm 90, was not only an Independent minister but the son of a noted Independent as well. Since 1714, when this hymn was probably written, it, like many other hymns by Watts, has moved beyond sectarian bounds and is almost universally accepted by Christian groups, an example of the ecumenicity of the hymnal. It now appears in most Protestant hymnals, including that of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Things were not rosy during the first decade or so of the eighteenth century if you happened to be a Nonconformist in England, and no doubt this hymn served well to bolster morale and reassure doubting minds. I agree with Mr. Amory; we would do well to consider it today.

Robert E. Fort, Jr.,
Union Theological Seminary.
New York, N.Y.

Through History with J. Wesley Smith

"Eggs are good food and turtles are the obvious source. Every family should have a flock of turtles."

WADSWORTH ON TESTING

I thank you for presenting the article "Nuclear Testing Is Not in the National Interest," by James J. Wadsworth [*SR*, Nov. 18]. It is refreshing and hopeful to read such a clear statement about testing and disarmament as this, which goes against the common hysteria of our times. May God grant us wisdom to listen and courage to act upon such insights as Wadsworth presented.

Robert C. Pattison, Pastor,
First Methodist Church.
Madrid, Iowa

DESEGREGATION DEBATE

The articles "Desegregation: Will It Work?" [*SR*, Nov. 11] have done us all a service by placing side by side the expressions of such men as Coffin and Buckley. These two views of the present racial scene in the United States have been drawn in bold relief.

Surely the answer lies not in legislation, whether federal, state, or local. In many ways legislation appears to be the "circumstance" which Buckley seems to applaud as the *ultimate* solution to a problem which he affirms has no *present* solution. It is legislation, playing the part of "circumstance," which in the last decade has begun to break down segregation. His dependence on "circumstance," however, appears to be another, though somewhat fresher, way of saying that time will take care of everything.

To look for our solution in time or circumstance is an effective, though useless, way to dodge our responsibility. . . .

Grantland M. Groves, Minister,
First Presbyterian Church.
Elsa, Tex.

In his article on desegregation, William F. Buckley, Jr., writes better than he reasons. It is not clear just what he means to *oppose* or what he means to *defend* in his position on desegregation. He complains that the price, in social convulsion, is too great for this society to pay. He protests that much that is dear to free men is at stake; there are such values as "the ideal of local government" and "the sense of community" which must not be abandoned. One wonders just what this ideal can mean or what this sense can be in a society in which so many persons have no real status as citizens and have no real role in the life of the community. If Mr. Buckley can say that desegregationists are bent on a goal which is unattainable by their means, his critics can say that he is defending, as a conservative, an ideal of freedom which is meaningless under the conditions of a segregated society.

Mr. Buckley touches briefly on what he calls "the cultural differences between the races" and on the time which is necessary to overcome these differences. I am assuming that by "race" Mr. Buckley means "ethnic group" and that he does *not* mean that all Negroes are culturally inferior to all others. Two questions remain, however. Why cannot the serious cultural differences, most of which have sprung from the pattern of life enforced by slavery and segregation, be overcome in a short time rather than over a long period? And why

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should not the instrumentalities of public policy be employed, along with other instrumentalities, to make the time as short as possible?

WILLIAM A. BANNER,
Professor of Philosophy,
Howard University.
Washington, D.C.

SPEAKING OUT IN TEXAS

WILLIAM SLOANE COFFIN, JR., in his excellent article arguing that desegregation will work [*SR*, Nov. 11], referred to the Texas and Oklahoma football teams as "just desegregated." Though the Oklahoma team does include Negroes, the University of Texas team does not. This, it is explained, is on account of a "gentlemen's agreement" among the Southwest Conference schools (which include three church schools: Baylor University, Texas Christian University, and Southern Methodist University) to the effect that no Negroes will participate in intercollegiate sports. In the recent campus election a referendum was attached to the ballot:

> Do you favor allowing participation of capable athletes of all races in the University's intercollegiate athletic program?

This referendum passed by a majority of 5,132 to 3,293. Ironically enough, the idea of an all-student opinion poll was conceived by a new student political party, the Texas Unity Party, which banded together almost solely on the basis of anti-integrationism and which hoped for an overwhelming negative response.

The referendum is not the only issue that has come up concerning segregationist policies of the university since September. At the beginning of the year girls living in university-owned dormitories were informed by student assistants —seniors or graduate students receiving room and board for working at the dorm desks—of an unwritten rule that Negro students could not enter the "social and dining areas," though Negro boys bringing flowers or pizza—service boys—could enter, and Negro girls could come into the dorm if they went straight to their hostess's room and closed the door in order to avoid embarrassing any of the residents. Negro boys wishing to find out about homework assignments could not use the downstairs phones to call up to the rooms; they simply were not allowed in the dormitory. The same rule applied to white students visiting the Negro girls' dormitory. A few outraged advisors and ex-advisors immediately sought to find the source of the rule, encountering nothing but vague "Don't blame me" answers. Apparently the authority stemmed from the Board of Regents (an illustrious group, all of whom were appointed by either ex-Governor Allan Shivers or Governor Price Daniel). This board decided during the summer (so as to neatly avoid the inevitable protest by student leaders who were not enrolled in summer school) that the university was not ready for further integration. Letters poured in to the editor of the student paper, the *Daily Texan*, and articles were written in protest of the announcement; in general, the same group who had "stood-in" three nights a week for about ten months last year at the two theatres located near the campus, both of which changed their segregation policies in August, was incensed. I brought Negro friends to my room on two different nights to "test out" this rule; nothing was said to me on either occasion. Then the Negro students took the matter into their own hands a few days after the policy was made public and, unbeknownst to their white friends, whom they were afraid might get into considerable trouble, came in a group of about fifty students and "sat-in" in the lobby of my dormitory, Kinsolving, the newest and largest of the women's dorms. They scattered throughout the huge living room, playing the piano, watching television, studying. A large crowd of the resident girls gathered to watch the scene. The attitude was more of excited curiosity than resentment, though a few remarks were heard in the "I-don't-see-why-they-want-to-come-where-they're-not-wanted" vein. A resident counselor went around to each Negro asking him to leave. The demonstrators replied that they thought they might stay for a while. When the counselor took a tablet to each

one, asking him to sign his name, the invitation was politely declined. After about an hour they rose en masse and quietly left. The next day the dean of women and the head of women's residence halls visited the Negro girls' co-op and dormitory and asked each girl whether she had participated in the demonstration, to which each replied, "No comment." The next morning they were placed on disciplinary probation. The Negro boys received the same treatment. Most of the Negro students then went to see the deans and either admitted taking part or truthfully said they had not. The length of the probation was arbitrarily fixed, depending on what the student had replied the first time, or the answer to the dean the second time in person, or, evidently, the mood the person in authority happened to be in at the moment. By this time the group of students, called by one of the Regents a "highly vocal minority," was enraged. The president of the student body met with various student leaders and administrators and decided on a one-week "cooling-off" period, during which no action would be taken by the students, and during which the disciplinary probation would be suspended. On October 31, at a general faculty meeting, the faculty voted 308 to 34 to adopt a resolution calling for a revocation of the racial rules. On this same day, a ruling was handed down that the students were definitely on disciplinary probation and that the rule would be stated henceforth. Within hours of this anonymous decision, mimeographed sheets were placed on the bulletin boards in the dorms informing the girls officially, though from an unknown source—the sheet was unsigned—that:

> The social and dining areas of the . . . women's residence halls and overnight privileges in these dormitories are not available to Negroes. The social and dining areas of Whitis Dormitory [the Negro dorm] and overnight privileges for women guests in the dormitory, are available only to Negroes. Students living in these residence halls may invite other girls to their rooms as personal guests but are expected to respect the rights of their fellow residents at all times. . . .

A student meeting was held the night of these decisions and it was decided, after much debate, that no "illegal" action should be taken. The only definite action decided upon was the idea of meeting every morning from 10:50 to 11:00 in front of the Main Building to stand in a group and read in unison the inscription above the entrance:

"Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free." This was to be done in hopes that if the students read it long enough and often enough they would adopt an attitude that might serve to resolve the conflict. So far there has been an encouragingly large turnout at these "read-ins," although from all reports not a single person has had a sudden "moment of truth." The most interesting comment caused by these demonstrations was shouted by a student who walked by me: "Define your terms!"

The pro-integration students' primary focus is on a lawsuit which was filed in federal court Wednesday, November 8, seeking desegregation of all university dormitories. The suit was filed by an attorney for the State AFL-CIO on behalf of three Negro students. The lawyer asked the court to take jurisdiction under authority of the 14th Amendment. The student group is in the process of raising $2,500, the approximate cost of such a suit, through donations.

Though the situation in Texas is not as desperate as in Montgomery, Alabama—as Mr. Coffin showed by this quotation: "The position of white antisegregationists here is comparable to that of anti-Communists in the Soviet Union"—it is far from ideal. Mr. Coffin concludes his article with the sentence: "It is time for all who care about racial discrimination to speak out clearly and pay up personally."

The students at the University of Texas are doing just that.

ELLEN SHOCKLEY,
Co-Chairman,
YMCA Student Committee
on Race Relations,
University of Texas.
Austin, Tex.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Burning the Midianite Oil

THERE is something quite entertaining in the notion of a downtrodden, sour-dispositioned, and not too bright laborer who talks to God as if he were some kind of untrustworthy football coach, and of a God who keeps forcing himself to be patient with the inept charge he has selected to help him reestablish his earthly status, a status which, considering his omnipotence, he seems to cherish to an absurd degree. In **"Gideon,"** playwright Paddy Chayefsky has threaded this inherently comic relationship through a retelling of how God made it possible for Gideon to free the Israelites from the domination of the Midianites. And director Tyrone Guthrie has mounted the biblical narrative in a heightened style on a steeply raked stage designed by David Hays, to make possible more beautiful stage pictures and groupings than would have been possible on a flat surface. Happily, the highly energized formality of these is an effective springboard for the play's well-devised lapses into the refreshingly inelegant reactions ordinary human beings might have to sustaining biblical action at such a high pitch.

The play begins in an atmosphere reminiscent of contemporary agnosticism, with the Israelite elders continuing traditional rituals of prayer in which they don't much believe, and Gideon as a younger-generation man who is too concerned with making the best of an unsatisfactory life to believe in God or even to be troubled by the fact that he does not. All of this has made him an ineffectual parent and a drudge. Thus, when God appears to him, he strikes Gideon as a nuisance and a nut. Indeed, God does little to dispel such an impression, for as he is explaining to Gideon his anger at the Israelites' breaking their covenant to worship no other gods but him, he gets carried away by the thought of his own power, and starts shouting, "For I am the Lord, I *am* the Lord!" Furthermore, his suggestion that Gideon can lead an Israelite army against the Midianites scarcely strikes Gideon as sane. God is thus obliged to jump the gap of reason with the miracle of possession (a miracle which even our modern executives know to some extent), and in a stirring moment Gideon suddenly finds himself giving strange orders with a new-found authority.

The ensuing drama follows a pattern. Gideon fluctuates between the pessimism of practicality and the temptation to enjoy the glory of actions for which not he but God is responsible. Finally, in an action invented by Mr. Chayefsky, Gideon rebels against the unsatisfactoriness of merely being the Lord's instrument, and disobeys God's instruction to smite the elders of Succoth. And this necessity of man to believe in man eventually leads him to a wilful forgetting of God's total power. At the end he even finds himself making rational scientific explanations of the victory, and explaining to his son, "What is God but that element in man that makes him greater than he is?"

Fredric March gives a remarkable performance as the Lord. Portraying him as a self-centered patriarch who is baffled both by the shortsightedness and stubborness of humans, Mr. March is most amusing when he shakes his head in wonder at the difficulty of getting any understanding and obedience. Later he becomes properly formidable as he reasons himself into anger. And he is profoundly compelling when he asks, "What is vanity in man really, but the illusion that he has a purpose?"

As Gideon, Douglas Campbell has volume and size and shows himself to be the master of many techniques, including those of Laurel and Hardy. The result is a colorful portrait spiced with humor.

But color, size, and skilfully performed humor do not fully obscure the play's faults, among which is the fact that "Gideon" has been conceived as a series of highlights and demonstrations that do not require that one thing lead to and cause another. For instance, when Gideon tells God he loves him, we don't believe it, because we haven't seen that love growing. Or when he explains to us that he is a vain man, it is not borne out by what we have seen of his past behavior. And Gideon's ingratitude to the deity who raised him from a wretched existence to a preeminent position seems monstrous because the forces that push Gideon into disobedience and ultimate "divorce from God" are confusingly and insufficiently dramatized.

However, when "Gideon," is dealing with the paradoxes and dilemmas of man's relationship to God, it furnishes some fascinating revelations, and if the slapstick, jokes, and belly dances are not always pertinent, they may help make a substantial play palatable to those who would prefer not to think about God when they go to the theatre.

—HENRY HEWES.

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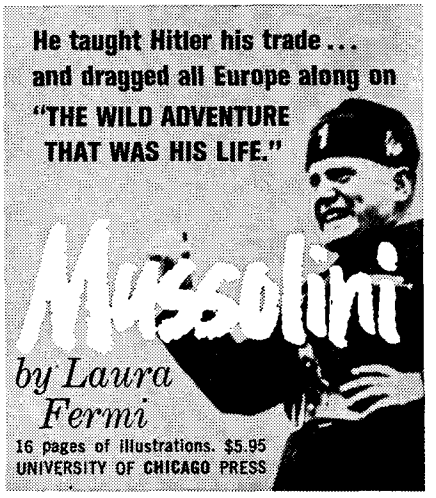

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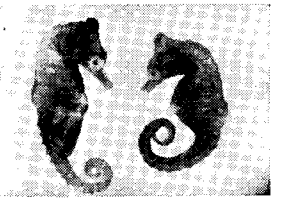

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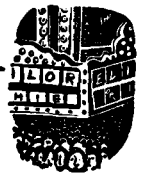

SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Romans in the Gloamin'

THERE is an immediate comparison to be made between Federico Fellini's "La Dolce Vita" and the new film based on Tennessee Williams's 1937 novel, **"The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone."** Whereas Fellini viewed the decadent antics of his rich, bored Romans with detachment, and with a constant awareness of the good life as opposed to the sweet life, the makers of "The Roman Spring" seem positively to revel in the vices and lusts they portray. There is no tender, innocent smile as the last image fades from the screen. Instead, there is the grimace of self-satisfaction on the lips of a shabby young man suddenly aware that he will be Mrs. Stone's kept lover for a while. Only one character within the film (coincidentally, a journalist) shows any awareness of the waste and futility of Mrs. Stone's life in Rome, and her appearances are so brief and ineffectual, and her own set of values so suspect, as to render her scenes almost meaningless. Above all, unlike the Fellini film, there is no hint that any other form of society exists beyond the chic boudoirs, clubs, and drawing rooms in which the Williams characters are sequestered.

But, as "La Dolce Vita" amply suggested, decadence itself can be quite fascinating, and especially when the decadents are such beautiful people as Vivien Leigh and Warren Beatty, when they move against the luxurious settings created by Roger Furse, and when they gaze out at views of Rome glamourously photographed in rich Technicolor by Harry Waxman. Physically, the production is impeccable—as polished, sleek, and handsome as the star herself. The story, on the other hand, is like an Albright canvas, where mouldering flesh is set against glistening silks and gleaming satins. It has Mrs. Stone, a star of the American theatre—no longer young, no longer as secure as she seems—alone in Rome after the death of her wealthy husband. In her loneliness, she takes up with a handsome young boy, Paolo, one in a stable of handsome young boys maintained by an aging Contessa (portrayed with enormous enthusiasm by Lotte Lenya) who panders to the desires of Roman society. When Mrs. Stone falls in love with Paolo, the Contessa protects her investment by switching his attentions to a budding starlet. The film ends with Mrs. Stone, again alone, tossing her keys to a ragged young stranger on the street below.

Now, presumably this is all intended to be very edifying—a case history of the depths to which a rich, attractive woman might sink to attain the love she so desperately requires. Perhaps there is anthropology here as well, for the script seems to insist that this sort of thing could happen only in ancient, festering Rome. But Tennessee Williams has never posed either as a psychologist or as an anthropologist; he is a humanist, dredging the dark and secret places of the heart. And it is here that the film fails, despite its brilliant performances and its dazzling sets. For all its brilliance and dazzle, it remains cold and unmoving. Beauty is there in abundance, but compassion is only in the eye of the beholder.

Some months ago, I wrote admiringly of the virtuosity of Tony Curtis as displayed in the film "The Great Imposter." I wish now that I had saved those remarks for his work in a far more deserving, and taxing, picture, **"The Outsider."** It is based on the Ira Hayes case, the story of an American Indian who became a Marine hero at Iwo Jima, was exploited by the War Department in its wartime bond drives, then unceremoniously dumped when his drinking created public relations problems. The film probes why he drank—his own sense of inadequacy in the hero role, his inability to fulfill the hopes of his people when he represented them in Washington. And Curtis, his face de-prettified by the kind of nose-piece he wore in "The Defiant Ones," traces the career of this unfortunate young man with subtlety, perception, and an astonishing depth of feeling. He brings the film alive, and gives it a sense of urgency beyond either the script or the direction. On the other hand, Delbert Mann's direction tends to concentrate too fully upon the principals, and particularly upon Curtis. To be sure, it's his picture—but in the movies, life creeps in around the edges. It is the chance happening, the stray dog, the unexplained character, that gives a film the feeling of immediacy and reality. Because Mann leaves nothing to chance, even his battle scenes seem choked and theatrical, as if life has not been permitted to obtrude. It mars what might have been a truly memorable picture.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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Manner of Speaking

By JOHN CIARDI

THE SHAKEN WORLD: Reading through Bertrand Russell's latest collection of papers, "The Basic Writings of Bertrand Russell" (Simon and Schuster, $10), I could not resist underlining the following passage:

> For those who are too young to remember the world before 1914, it must be difficult to imagine the contrast for a man of my age between childhood memories and the world of the present day. I try, though with indifferent success, to accustom myself to a world of crumbling empires, Communism, atom bombs, Asian self-assertion, and aristocratic downfall. In this strange insecure world where no one knows whether he will be alive tomorrow, and where ancient states vanish like morning mists, it is not easy for those who, in youth, were accustomed to ancient solidities to believe that what they are now experiencing is a reality and not a transient nightmare. Very little remains of institutions and ways of life that when I was a child appeared as indestructible as granite.

Any thoughtful man can find one of the moods of our age in such a statement. We seem, publicly at least, dedicated to the idea of progress and even inclined to take any sort of change as self-evidently an act of progress, but we are all to some extent privately worried because we can't go home again, or because if we did we might not be able to find our old home-town under the new net of cloverleafs and overpasses.

Russell was writing of the intelligent man's need to adapt. His essay was, in fact, titled: "Adaptation: An Autobiographical Epitome." Since everyman's life must seem particular to him, he wrote as if the changes that have appalled him were peculiar to his times. And so, in one sense, they are; in the sense that the disarrangements of which he speaks are all products of that peculiar idea we call "progress" and which is not more than 200 years old at the outside.

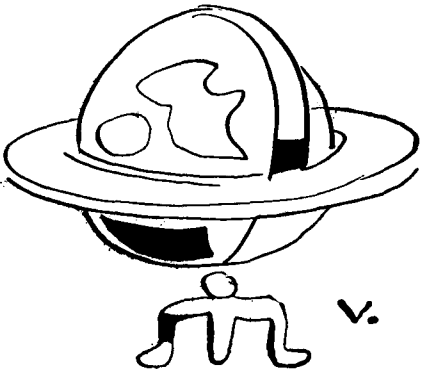
Yet something in the ring of Russell's thoughts tickled my mind. I had heard the same ring before from another time. But where?

I finally ran it down in an old notebook, probably imperfectly copied, but still substantially there. My only notation for the passage is "Henry Vaughan" and I haven't the slightest notion now of the source from which I copied it, but Henry Vaughan's dates were 1622-95, and for whatever comfort it may add to know that it has all been going on a long time, here are Vaughan's words:

> We have seen such vicissitudes and examples of human frailty as the former world . . . would have deemed prodigies. We have seen Princes brought to their graves in a new way and the highest orders of humane honors trampled upon by the lowest. We have seen Judgment beginning at God's Church. . . . we have seen Ministers cast out of the Sanctuary and barbarous persons without light or Perfection usurping Holy Offices. A day, an hour, a minute is sufficient to over-turn and extirpate the most settled Governments, which seemed to have been rooted in Adamant.

Should any man think Vaughan's pessimism was peculiar to him or confined to his side of the Atlantic, it may well be noted, as pointed out by David Levin in his "What Happened in Salem?" that the text of one of Cotton Mather's sermons during the summer of 1692 (it was Salem's witch-hunting season then) was: "Woe to the Inhabitants of the Earth and of the Sea; for the Devil is come down unto you, having great Wrath; because he knoweth that he hath but a short time."

If you must stand darkly in the shadow of that mushroom cloud, Levin's comment on the mood of the Puritans at that dead end of the seventeenth century may at least allow you some sense of kinship with the Founders on their rock-bound coast. "The Puritans knew," writes Levin, that the Devil had little time left before the millennium; one minister estimated that Antichrist had only about twenty years more in which to win converts and torture mankind." Thereafter the time of man would be over. The end was darkly near. And darkness spreads fast in men's minds. As Levin adds, "In 1692, the magistrates discovered a witchcraft conspiracy in Salem Village, and while the scope of the plot seemed to be growing the people learned that a devilish earthquake had killed seventeen hundred in Jamaica. The Devil seemed to be striking on several fronts at once."



Our own devil—plus a considerable brood he seems to have reared while we were all looking away through the progress-tube—stays busy enough, and dreadful enough. But may it not be that devils grow from the inside as much as from the outside? Vaughan's devil, probably, and Cotton Mather's, certainly, could have been exorcised instantly by a change in the minds of men. So may ours. Bertrand Russell's point in citing all devilish breakage was precisely that need to adapt. What we must fear above all is the innermost devils of our own ignorances and our prejudices.

For the devil that confirms us in our ignorances I can cite no passage more appropriate than Ecclesiastes 1:11: "There is no remembrance of former things; neither shall there be any remembrance of things that are to come with those that shall come after." The preacher of course meant something else, but it still remains true that whatever adaptation we can make must begin with remembrance, with remembrance of nothing less than both the size of the human mind and of the preacher's certainty that it will all come to nothing in the end.

But even the conquest of ignorance cannot assure the conquest of prejudice. The wilfully blind seem to stand an increasingly sure chance of winning. But why let them win unopposed? Our survival, I suggest, depends on how well we do in breaking down the divisions of mankind in order to let the total race emerge as one union. What stands in the way of that union is the unadaptable dark of prejudice. The opposition to that dark must be spoken. I know of no one who speaks it more directly than Marianne Moore in her "In Distrust of Merits," one passage of which runs:

> . . . O small dust of the earth
> that walks so arrogantly,
> trust begets power and faith is
> an affectionate thing. We
> vow, we make this promise
>
> to the fighting—it's a promise—
> "We'll never hate black, white,
> red, yellow, Jew,
> Gentile, Untouchable." We are
> not competent to
> make our vows . . .

And add one more sentence from the same poem: "There never was a war that was not inward."

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Lucia, Sane and Insane, by Sutherland—Bar-Illan

JOAN SUTHERLAND came, sang, and conquered the Metropolitan Opera House in her awaited debut as Lucia. This mode of putting it means there was never much doubt of her ability to deliver Donizetti's music with distinction. But how it would sound in a theatre that has devoured many another famous voice was something else. This, however, was quickly determined after her entrance aria in the Fountain Scene: broad, fluent, perfectly in pitch, fastidious in style, a treat to the ear and an incitement to the enthusiasm of an audience that filled every saleable spot.

Thereafter it was a matter of sitting back to enjoy a superlative demonstration of vocalism by a grand mistress of that ancient, ever new art. As she developed the part, through the duet with Edgardo, the angry episode with her brother, into the sextet, the accumulating evidence pointed to one thing in particular: this is a voice consistent in timbre through two octaves (E flat to E flat in this part) with scarcely a break—full, ringing, and clear at the top, solid in the middle, viola-mellow at the bottom.

Her "Mad Scene" was a thoroughly studied thing in itself, altogether suited in character to what had preceded, but sufficiently illuminated by highlights to be the shining climax to the whole. Here she allowed herself more freedom in ornamentation than previously, working out delicate traceries of figuration in and around the melodic line, stitching in a bit of petit-point staccato, coasting cleanly down a descending scale, and finally demonstrating her prize beyond price—a perfectly controlled trill that was not a mere glorified vibrato but a swift, even beat of two notes perfectly interchanged. Finally? Not quite. She ended her evening's work with a bright, firm, fully produced high E flat that is still ringing in the ear as this is written.

So much for the unquestionable. What of the questionable? Not her musicianship, certainly, which is near faultless, nor her stage deportment, which is serious, considerate of her associates, and more modest than that of most with a tenth of her accomplishments.

When it comes to character portrayal, however, Miss Sutherland has work to do. Prior to the "Mad Scene," she projected Lucia as a maid all sad of mien, cast over with a sense of tragedy to come, with a mid-century (nineteenth) slant of the body to compose her tall figure in an angular attitude of "suffering." For the "Mad Scene," she wore her auburn hair at shoulder length and a faraway look that searched out the cleverly contrived action (probably the influence of Franco Zeffirelli, who directed her at Covent Garden) to fill in musical gaps with pantomime and movement. One especially apt incident accompanied an echo effect in the music, in which she turned her back to the audience, apparently listening (to herself). But all the artifice did not generate compulsion, develop conviction, or magnetize the observer into involvement with anything but vocal virtuosity. There is so much of this, however, that one could only say: Well done and welcome, Miss Sutherland; may your prime be long and productive.

In the old-fashioned way, her entrance was accompanied, physically as well as musically, by her own conductor, the young Swiss Italian Silvio Varviso. There was nothing in the least old-fashioned about his treatment of the score, except a virtuous attention to detail, a well-discriminated distribution of emphasis between pit and stage. Richard Tucker sang well, sometimes brilliantly, as Edgardo, while indulging some petty tenoristic privileges in costuming and action; but Lorenzo Testi's blatantly overstressed Ashton did not belong on the same stage with Sutherland (or Tucker). Did someone ask how she compares with such illustriously opposed Lucias as Pons and Callas? For the moment, the question can be referred to Nicola Moscona (Raimondo) and Thelma Votipka (Alisa), who collaborated with both in these parts, and again did their work with quiet authority.

This year's "Perichole" recapitulates, in most important respects, the elements that have made it a Metropolitan pleasure in the past, but in the most important of all—Perichole herself—it doesn't come close to recapturing the taste that lingers. For all her good looks and attractive voice, Anna Moffo is less in her element than Patrice Munsel was in hers, the emotional content of the letter overstated, the many moments of comedy in the dialogue muffled by a lack of projection in her speaking voice. Perhaps she has the adaptability to surpass these limitations; on this occasion, it wasn't present.

For the rest, the good-looking Gérard designs and Cyril Ritchard's amusing direction did not combine musically, under Jean Morel's somewhat diffident direction, to make the effect they are known to possess (always excepting Theodor Uppman's irresistible Paquillo). Cyril Ritchard seemed to be singing more and enjoying it less, a fatal formula for one with his amusing rasp (like Jack Benny imitating Heifetz).

Other events of a crowded, variable week (such as a commonplace "Tosca" in which Giuseppe Zampieri sang a competent Cavaradossi in a "passing through" debut *vice* the unavailable Tucker) included the return of Leontyne Price as Butterfly after her interrupted "Fanciulla" of October 31 and a first venture by Sandor Konya into Puccini. Miss Price announced her reappearance by taking the "Entrance" as written and in full vocal stride; Konya's Dick Johnson left no doubt of his qualifications for Italian service on the artistic level of his recent Lohengrin, a tendency to aspirate heavily (in the name of emotion) aside. However, his other aspirations are mostly virtuous ones.

David Bar-Illan made a special impression in playing Beethoven's C minor (No. 3) Concerto with the Berlin Philharmonic under the direction of Karl Böhm. This Israeli artist differs from most of his contemporaries in devoting his primary energies to playing the music rather than the piano, and with a sufficient range of colors to make his ideas interesting as well as valid. Not so much of the latter was evident in Shura Cherkassky's muscular but rather monochromatic Prokofiev No. 2 with the New York Philharmonic as Josef Krips began his first guest engagement. Cherkassky is a formidable technician, but only a moderately interesting musical mind. Krips's directness and musical probity made good listening of the Mozart No. 35 and Brahms's First Symphony.

In his local debut as director of the Philadelphia Orchestra, Hans Schmidt-Isserstedt showed an inclination to dotting I's and crossing T's that may be described as, in part, his birthright. He made the Philadelphia Orchestra sound his way in a sequence of symphonies by Mozart (No. 29), Henze (No. 2), and Beethoven (No. 3), no small accomplishment for any conductor. The Henze yielded less of interest than anticipated: it is a work of 1949, when he was twenty-three, and predates all the music for which he is currently respected. First in order of the visitors was William Steinberg with the Pittsburgh Symphony, in an aggressively modest playing of Haydn's Symphony No. 92 and a modestly aggressive Bruckner No. 5. The latter had spacious design, admirable structure, but less than the fully free brass playing it requires.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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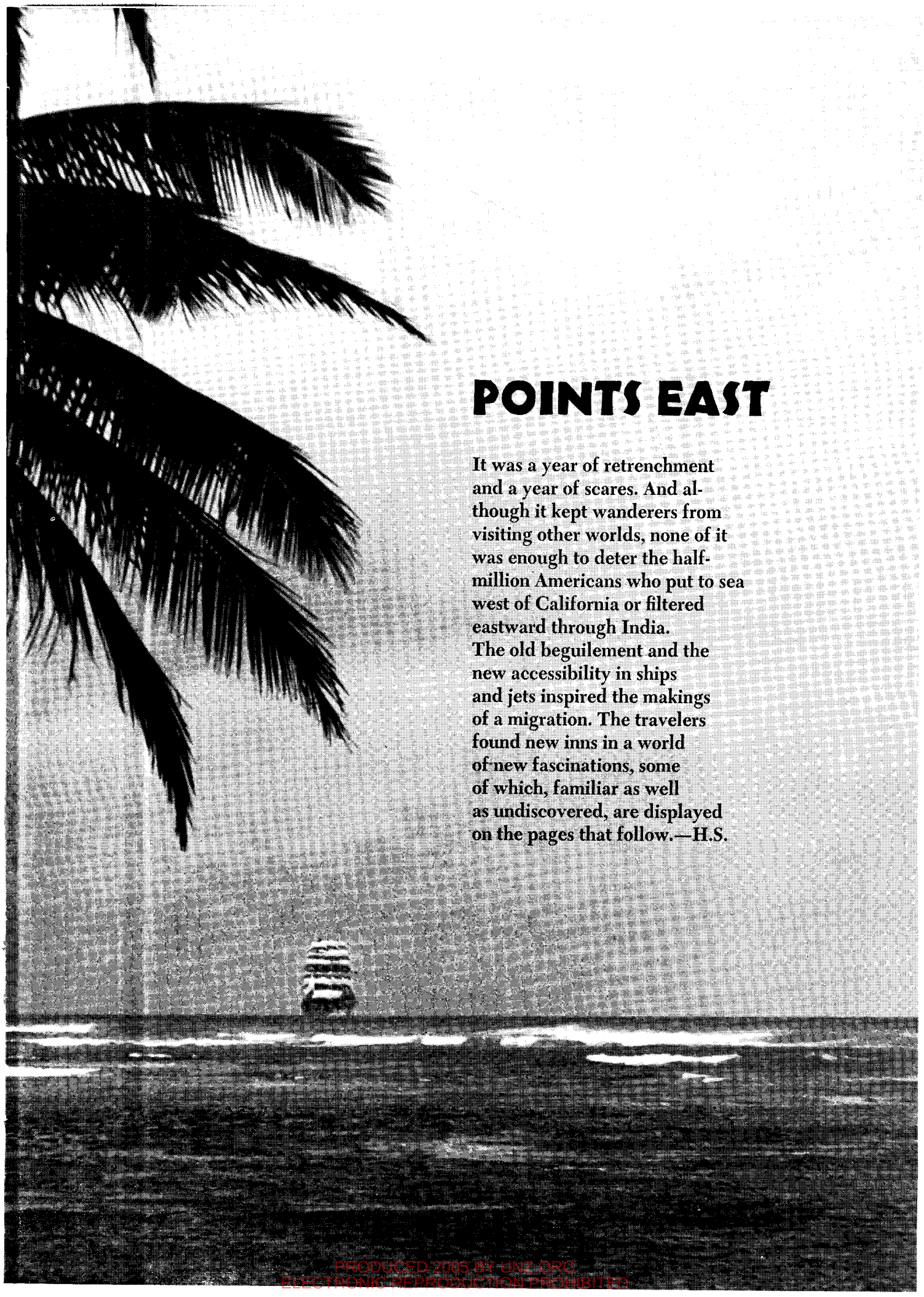

POINTS EAST

It was a year of retrenchment and a year of scares. And although it kept wanderers from visiting other worlds, none of it was enough to deter the half-million Americans who put to sea west of California or filtered eastward through India. The old beguilement and the new accessibility in ships and jets inspired the makings of a migration. The travelers found new inns in a world of new fascinations, some of which, familiar as well as undiscovered, are displayed on the pages that follow.—H.S.

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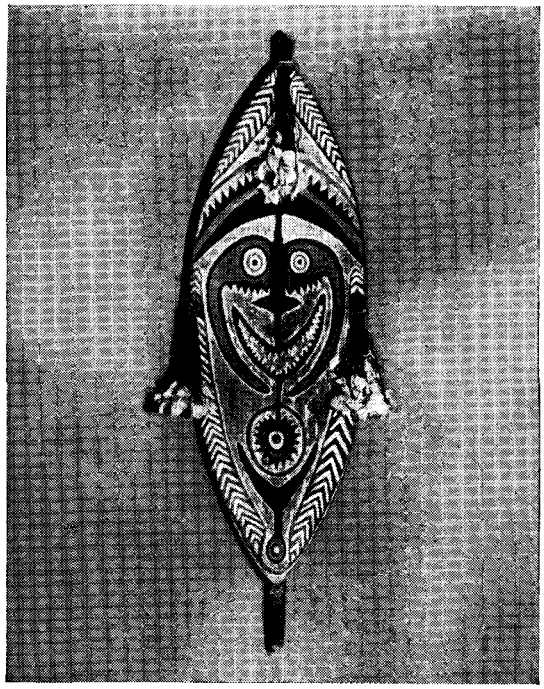
FLIGHT TO THE STONE AGE



STORY AND PICTURES BY ELIOT ELISOFON

Eliot Elisofon is a famed photographer for Life, as well as an explorer, painter, and art collector. A Fellow in Primitive Art of the Peabody Museum at Harvard, he was a member of last year's Harvard New Guinea expedition as well as the recent Rockefeller search party. His latest book, "Color Photography," was published this fall by the Viking Press.

HUNDREDS of stark-naked savages, brandishing twenty-foot-long sharp-pointed wooden spears, their faces made even blacker with war paint, organized in fighting squads like Zulu impis, charged back and forth on a well-beaten piece of turf deep in the mountain valleys of Dutch New Guinea. They were celebrating the spearing to death of one of their traditional enemy, their neighbors across the river. This was not a century ago but almost yesterday, in the summer of 1961. I was a member of a scientific expedition from the Peabody Museum of Harvard University studying the behavior patterns of what is perhaps the rarest anthropological treasure, a genuine Stone Age group. For here in New Guinea time has stood still. Hidden from alien eyes by a parallel pair of mountain ranges, with snow-covered peaks as high as 15,000 feet (relief maps of this largest island in the world resemble a twin dinosaur), are unexplored areas with people who have never seen a foreigner, nor have they ever seen any metal. They are agriculturists who have managed to thrive on a diet consisting mainly of sweet potatoes and some pigs. Their tools and weapons are wood, shells, bones, and stones.

The great island of New Guinea is politically cut almost straight down the middle, the right half being administered by Australia after passing from German to Japanese hands during World War II. The left half is under the control of the Netherlands, who are constantly being harassed by their erstwhile colony, Indonesia, to add West Irian, as the latter call Dutch New Guinea, to their large collection of islands. The Dutch, rightfully claiming that New Guinea has absolutely nothing in common with Indonesia except that it was part of the former Dutch East Indies, refuse to give this undeveloped and politically innocent country up to the tender mercies of the Indonesians. The Dutch, although tired of spending millions of dollars yearly in New Guinea, with thanks from none, have expressed a desire to place the territory under U.N. supervision but the Indonesians are not very eager to give up a nice political football that every voter can agree upon.

The Dutch have yet to find any natural resources that would make their continued expenditures worthwhile. On the other side oil has been discovered in sufficient quantity to attract large capital, and a good deal of the exploration of the Highlands originally resulted from a search for gold. It was the Leahy brothers who made their way in 1930 over the great mountain ranges searching for gold and finding Stone Age cultures as well. During World War II some American fliers, who parachuted from their disabled planes over the valleys in the interior, also called world attention to this mysterious "Shangri-la." In fact, the resemblance to this legendary place is not far-fetched, for the valleys are on a plateau at least a mile high, with an agreeable healthy climate, and they certainly are exotic.

This was made abundantly clear to me on a previous trip to New Guinea in 1956 when Sir Edward J. Hallstrom, the benefactor of the Sydney Zoo and an avid naturalist, invited me to visit his zoological collecting station near Nondugl in the Highlands. I flew by Qantas on the Bird-of-Paradise route from Sydney to Port Moresby, the administrative capital of Australian New Guinea, and from there by DC-3 across the mountains to Lae on the north side of the island. Lae was the place that

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made so much news during World War II when it was completely destroyed. It is now rebuilt. From Lae a small British Ensign plane took me to a rough airstrip at Nondugl. In spite of Hallstrom's great private collection of live birds of paradise I was totally unprepared for what I saw when we opened the plane door. Facing me were men with the most incredible head decorations that I had ever seen. They were a blaze of color, due mainly to a profusion of the tail feathers of several varieties of birds of paradise. Short and dark-skinned, they wore a king's ransom of plumage on their heads, the giant sicklebill, the Princess Stephanie, and the rare King of Saxony, whose two tail feathers are thin threads several feet long to which are attached small, bright-blue scales as large as thumbnails at regular intervals along only one side of the spine. These were worn from the top of the head in a gentle arc finally inserted in holes above the nostrils. Others had the flaming tail feathers of the red bird of paradise in an arc over the head, with bright parrot feathers stuck into the holes above the nostrils.

Other decorations were glistening iridescent June beetles artfully woven into a grass headband, half moons of opalescent mother-of-pearl shell around the throat, sharp-pointed tusks of the same shell through the nose septum hanging down like a Czarist Russian mustache, bits of shell twisted into the scraggy beard wherever enough hair could be made to hold the shiny piece, possum fur pieces dangling from the ears, perfect ovals of white baler shell in the center of the forehead fringed with curved pieces of sea snail shell and an odd assortment of other materials like dry sphagnum on top of the head under the bright tail feathers.

I was fortunate enough to stay with Sir Edward's representative, Captain Neptune Blood, an Irishman who had stayed in New Guinea to spy on the Japanese troops from behind their lines. He showed me the animals that the natives had brought in, among them a rare tree-climbing kangaroo. I also watched the men who were clearing the airstrip and surrounding land as they lined up to receive three months' wages: a large sea snail shell and a small kitchen knife with a wooden handle. A knife, or better still a steel axe, is a fortune in the Highlands; the men still cut down enormous trees and build their homes with nothing but stone axes and small knives made from pig tusks. An experiment Sir Edward began that year, the importation by air of hundreds of Romney Marsh sheep in the hope that they would provide both cloth and meat for the population, ended in failure.

An equally famous hinterland in New Guinea is the Sepik River. Infamous might have been the better word since this is where ritual murder and head hunting are still practiced. In 1956 a young patrol officer pleaded with me to sell him my twelve-gauge pump shotgun, two of his comrades having been killed that year at Telefin. Even when I was there a patrol was seeking the murderers of about twenty men. My host on the Sepik was a rather extraordinary young Canadian by the name of Al Sauvé. His occupation was collecting alligator skins for ladies' handbags. He hunted at night, using a high-powered rifle and searchlight. It was simple to shoot between the reflecting eyes but another thing to jump overboard and catch the monster before it sank, not to rise again. His boat, or whatever you can call it, was a remark-

(*Continued on page* 66)

In flaring headdresses and shimmering skirts Wahgi natives gather for a sing sing.
—Life Photo by Eliot Elisofon

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UP WITH KEPARIWISATAAN

—Henri Cartier-Bresson (Magnum)

Town Hall in the market place of Kota-gedang.

By BERNARD KALB, *the 1961 Press Fellow of the Council on Foreign Relations, who has recently arrived home after four years as New York Times foreign correspondent based in Jakarta. He reported from Borneo, Thailand, Malaya, Burma, and Cambodia.*

IT WAS a strange revolution—no blood, no noise, no new cast of characters. It took place on the freshly scrubbed and crowded decks of the 7,000-ton vessel, S. S. *Tampomas,* one day last year—December 14, to be exact, in Jakarta—when President Sukarno, Indonesia's No. 1 globetrotter, press agent, and possibly even tourist attraction, suddenly declared, "Yes, we will *encourage* tourism!" Many listeners were happily stunned, and foreign correspondents who heard that unprecedented little speech with their own ears quickly filed stories to, as they say in the ingrown Indonesian capital, "The Outside World." For those five words had a special significance in the tempestuous history of that teen-age country, the world's largest archipelago, with 93,000,000 people: It meant the end of one era and the beginning of a new. Down with *mentjurigai!* Up with *kepariwisataan!*

The President's announcement signified an overdue revolution in Indonesia's suspicious—or *mentjurigai*—attitude toward tourism—or *kepariwisataan;* it was at once an epitaph for the official view that, growing mostly out of the country's bitter 1945-49 struggle for independence from the Netherlands, regarded foreign tourists as cloak-and-dagger subversives out to topple the Republic—and a welcome mat for newcomers. No tourist who ever tried to storm the psychological barricades of Kemajoran International Airport, Jakarta (Batavia, during the 350 years of Dutch colonialism), in the old, pre-December 14 days, can forget the distrust, the sullenness, the non-welcome of the customs people. The visitor was sized up, his luggage was invaded, and he was generally made to feel as though he were either a Dutch agent or the CIA, or both, plotting to overthrow Sukarno, Indonesia's neutralism, or both. Only toughened tourists who had heard that, behind Kemajoran, there lay a roughish objet d'art of loveliness, temples, and Bali, persisted, and they seldom regretted it.

Now things have changed, so radically that veteran Indonesiaphiles often have nostalgic longings for the good old days of Indonesia's personal cold war with tourism. Since reversing the official view on travel, Indonesia, a very Johnny-come-lately to Southeast Asia's search for tourists and their dollars, has been busily trying to project an international image of cordiality, hospitality,

(*Continued on page* 44)

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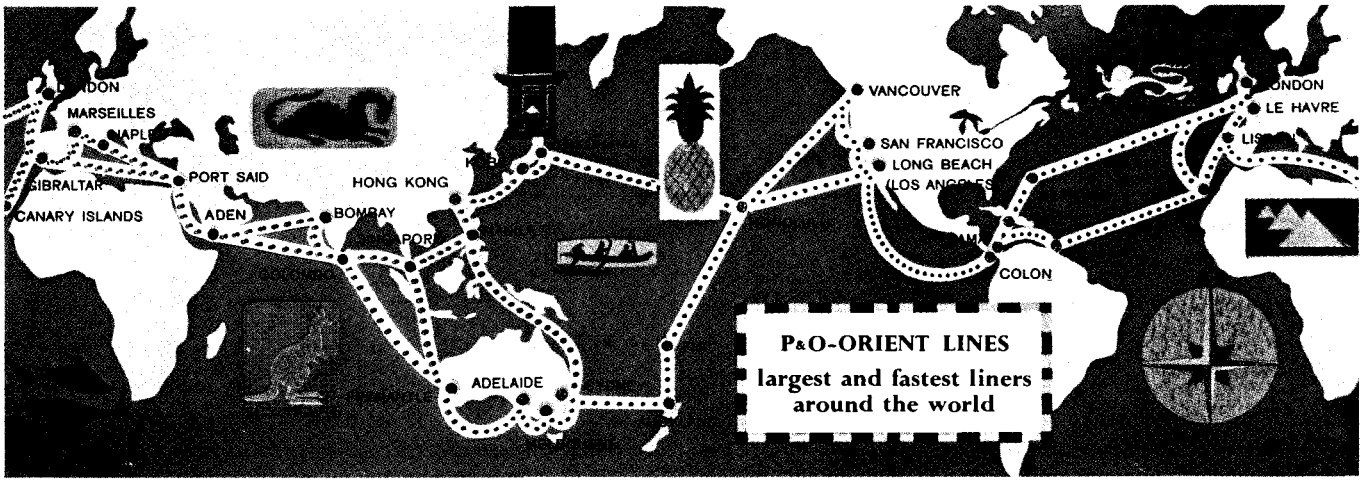

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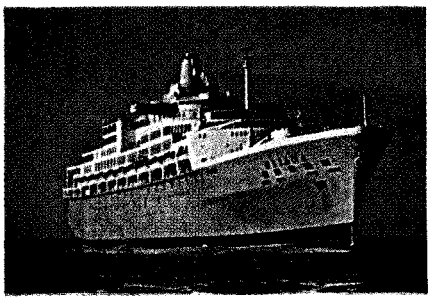

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THE FORTY-SEVEN SAMURAI

Japan's favorite folk tale has been the subject of a kabuki play, a shelf of books, and nearly one motion picture a year. The new incisive guidebook, "Enjoy Japan," by Walt Sheldon, published this year, includes this new version, a radio play. Even in this short form the old story continues to offer a fascinating insight to the nation's character. The temple in which the forty-seven samurai are buried is a streetcar ride from midtown Tokyo.

CHARACTERS

Oishi	*Male. Heroic, but sensitive, deep voice.*
Kira	*Male. Nasal, rather contemptuous, snobbish voice.*
Asano	*Male. Gentle, cultured voice.*
Voice	*Male. Nondescript—one of the retainers.*

Narrator
Extra crowd voices as needed.

(OPENS COLD)

VOICE: (*coming on*) Oishi! Oishi!—are you awake?

OISHI: Hm? Oh . . . yes. I was resting. Still dark, I see. What time is it?

VOICE: Early morning. Look outside, Oishi. Snow.

OISHI: Yes. I see. Snow. And Kira won't expect us to attack in the snow, will he? Well . . . I suppose the time has come. How many are we now?

VOICE: Forty-seven.

OISHI: Forty-seven. Forty-seven masterless samurai. Forty-seven *ronin*. And after we take Kira's life—

VOICE: (*eagerly*) Yes?

OISHI: Forty-seven will die!

MUSIC: *Theme. (broad costume-drama music) Establish opening, then fade and hold under:*

NARRATOR: This is the story of the forty-seven samurai. It is one of the most famous of all Japanese stories . . . it has been a favorite for two and a half centuries. It deals with the samurai code of honor . . . and in a larger sense . . . with social and moral relationships. Here is our version of the Forty-seven Samurai!

MUSIC: *Theme crosses to melancholy curtain mood. Hold under:*

OISHI: My name is Oishi.
This is the 14th year of Genroku, or,
as you would say in the Western world—
Seventeen hundred and one.
I am in a place called Yedo.
Later it is to be called Tokyo—
The City of the East.

MUSIC: *Sting effect, then under again for:*

OISHI: As you see me, Oishi . . . as you see me now,
I am hardly an admirable character.
I am a samurai . . . a warrior.
You know this by my dress; by the two swords I carry in my sash.
I spend my time drinking and carousing . . .
Each day becoming more unkempt.
I have a purpose in all of this.
I am waiting. Waiting for . . . revenge
Forty-six other samurai,
Like myself, in disguise,
Are also waiting here.
Waiting . . . (*fade off*) . . . in the city of the East. . . .

MUSIC: *Out.*

NARRATOR: It all began in Kyoto, the ancient capital of Japan. Oishi was the chief retainer to a noble named Asano. The emperor told Asano to carry his imperial greetings to the Shogun's palace in the City of the East. The Shogun was the real leader of Japan—a prime minister even more powerful than the emperor himself.

Now Asano . . . though of noble birth . . . was a simple man. He knew little of court etiquette and cared less. To help him, a more sophisticated courtier, named Kira, was to go along. Kira, however, was a greedy man. . . .

KIRA: Now, Asano, I'll be delighted to help you when we get to court! And I trust you'll be . . . shall we say . . . properly grateful?

ASANO: Kira, if you're hinting about money again save your breath. I'm not going to bribe you

(*Continued on page* 46)

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The encroachments of neon-lit Western ways have in no way subtracted from Japanese art, which, like the high-frequency pluckings of the samisen, remains a standard of ancient traditions. This detail from a six-fold screen dates from the hundred-year flowering of art in Japan which began in the mid-1500s. Depicting a modishly dressed dancing girl, it appears as one of the color plates in "Japanese Genre Painting: The Lively Art of Renaissance Japan," published by Charles Tuttle with a text by Kondo Ichitaro, a handsome volume of the fall season which will captivate fanciers of Oriental art and Far Eastern excursionists alike.

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—*Hawaii Visitors Bureau*

AT HOME WITH MME. PELE

By HORACE SUTTON

IT WAS on a clear night last summer, while he was listening to a lecture in an inverted aluminum bowl built by Henry Kaiser in the Hawaiian Village, that Jack Tobin, a 44-year-old airline executive who has three children, an attractive wife, an enormous police dog, and a house in Waialae-Kahala, a suburb of Honolulu, got the call. As it does on an average of once every two years, a volcano on the island of Hawaii, 216 miles from Honolulu, had erupted. In this case, Mauna Loa had begun spurting molten lava at 8:15 p.m. As is its custom, the U.S. National Park Service in Volcano National Park had called the local airlines of Hawaii, and by 8:27 the dispatcher at Hawaiian Airlines, of which Tobin is vice-president in charge of service and sales, had plucked him out of an audience of 800 which was listening to the blandishments of a travel agent trying to incite the Hawaiians to sign up for trips to foreign shores.

To all the personnel of the airlines in Hawaii, the sounding of a volcano alert is a call to the colors. Between the two local lines, Hawaiian and Aloha, there exists a competition roughly akin to the Dodgers and the Giants in the days when The Bums were resident in Brooklyn and the Giants inhabited the house at Coogan's Bluff. When the call comes, announcing game time, both airlines scramble to put the first plane in the air flying over the eruption with a cabinload of airline people, press representatives, and volcano buffs, of whom there are many on the volcanic Hawaiian Islands.

While this might not seem a difficult exercise to airlines whose planes and staffs operate around the clock, the small intra-island airlines of Hawaii close their shops at night. Hawaiian and Aloha pilots, unlike those of almost any other line, spend every night at home in their own beds. When the volcano alert reaches him, and it seems always to sound at night, Tobin must call the station manager to ask him to open the airport, the reservations manager to have him open the counters, the phone operators, the maintenance crews, and the chief stewardess and chief pilot. As soon as he can establish the time of the first flight which is traditionally a fly-over, Tobin instructs his public relations officer to invite representatives of the newspapers, the newsreels, the wire services, as well as a few of Hawaii's prominent disc jockeys, to make the first inspection flight of the new eruption. In Honolulu, an early town, the breakfast disc jockeys have achieved enormous popularity, and there is always the chance that a night spent with the tape recorder at a new volcanic display will end up, as Tobin puts it, as a "three-hour commercial for your airline" the next morning.

Tobin's local sales manager maintains a list of volcano buffs who have left a standing request to be called at the first volcano alert. It is now the manager's move to notify these people, no matter the hour of day or night, and advise them the time of the first fly-over. Prominent on his list is a Filipina known as "The Lady in Red" who lives in suburban Kaimuki and who leads a church devoted to Madame Pele, the legendary goddess of the volcano; and Betty Farrington, publisher of the Honolulu *Star Bulletin* and former Hawaiian delegate to Congress. It is up to Tobin and his crew to try to put a plane in the air over the volcano before his competition, Aloha Airlines, thus garnering the business of the buffs and the attention of the press who, with no sentimental loyalties, will eagerly board whichever is off the ground first. Since a new eruption will attract all sorts of planes from privately-owned Cessnas to Pan American's giant Boeing 707s which may be tempted to sail to and from Honolulu by way of the Big Island, all traffic over the volcano is controlled by the tower in Hilo, the main city on the island of Hawaii.

With the press and the buffs on board last summer, Tobin's first flight

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cheongsam
HANBOK

In Hong Kong fashionable women wear the cheongsam, elegant sheath of wondrous colors with the always-in-style slit skirt. Korean girls love the infinite detail of the han bok, traditional blouse and skirt. The Mother Hubbard Muu-Muu is currently the rage in Hawaii. And, of course, the Tahitian Pareu is setting styles throughout the world.
You'll find a whole new world of fashion in the Pacific. The famous shinju pearls of Japan, jewels of India, textiles of amazing beauty in Singapore and Indonesia, islands of the South Pacific. Wherever you go the treasures of ancient civilizations await you.

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got off about 10:30 covering the distance from the island of Oahu to the island of Hawaii in about an hour, and making several passes around the fire pit. By the next day, the International Travel Agency owned by two partners named Robert MacGregor and Leong Hop Loui were already offering packaged tours of the volcano complete with guide and meals. Despite this swift enterprise about three times as many local people visit the volcano as tourists. People from the mainland think of volcanoes in terms of Pompeii and terror and they don't understand Hawaii's self-styled "drive-in volcano" which is operated by National Park rangers. Some Hawaiian residents claim they haven't missed an eruption for twenty or thirty years, and with old *kamaainas*, a good volcano record has become something of a status symbol.

During periods of volcanic quiescence many Hawaiians, several highly respected university graduates among them, claim to have seen Pele in human or animal form. Frequently she is said to appear as a woman in red who asks for a lift. When the car arrives at her destination she is no longer in the back seat. Lahilahi Webb, an elderly Hawaiian known as Auntie Webb who was in her nineties when she died recently, and who was lady-in-waiting to Queen Liliuokalani, the last of Hawaiian royalty, used to claim Pele would appear three weeks before an eruption. She would show herself in the form of a young beautiful woman in need of some money. It was said Auntie Webb could predict volcanoes because she could read the signs. Caterpillars and other insects would come out of the ground. Betty Farrington recalls driving out to the country to deliver some plants one day. The house was closed, but yellow hornets were all around it. She immediately called Volcano House, the hotel that sits near the edge of the crater on Hawaii, and asked for reservations. To her the signs are clear, and as it turned out she was right.

Few Hawaiians are altogether willing to discount the Pele legend and many actively court the goddess. While those not properly impressed with island superstitions wonder why some conniver in need of ready cash wouldn't be ready to adopt the guise of Pele and shake ten dollars out of the believers, such a notion seems incredible to Hawaiians. In a land where many still believe in kahunas, the island sorcerers, Mrs. Farrington herself says no one would dare impersonate Pele's habits for a few dollars. They would risk being "kahunaed" to death, she said. People under the curse of the kahunas have spent time in Queen's Hospital, and there are islanders who have heard of people being "prayed to death." Uncle George Lycurgus who ran Volcano House until he died a few years ago at the age of 101, used to woo Pele by dropping a gin bottle now and then into the fire pit of Halemaumau, where she reputedly lives. After all, George's livelihood pretty much depended upon Pele's whims. The top executives of both airlines have been known to make the pilgrimage, too, with their offerings of gin. In the first five days after Tobin received the initial alert, Hawaiian Airlines had carried 1,500 people on special flights and Aloha, which uses smaller F-27 prop-jets, had carried 800. The figures for these flights, which began some thirty-two years ago, in the days when Sikorsky flying boats were making aerial tours, include passengers who bought seats on fly-over excursion planes and special flights to Hilo. No volcano visitor has ever been hurt in the air or on the ground, and the only fatality was a suicide who succeeded in self-destruction but failed to get himself immolated. Two years ago, a fountain of lava which had been spraying a stream some 500 feet into the air suddenly jumped to 2,500 feet. Cracks appeared on the windshields of four planes which were in the air at the time, but no one was hurt. Nor indeed was there any injury to the chap who was sitting on his porch in the Puna section of the Big Island a few years ago when Pele sent a stream of lava through the middle of his cabbage patch.

The eruption last summer, the first time I had ever been in the Islands during volcanic activity, was a standard flow coming up from the fire pit of Halemaumau and spilling onto the floor of the crater where in quieter days National Park rangers conduct walking tours. The volcano can be viewed from a grandstand seat along its rim, I had been told, and with these assurances I drove down to the Honolulu airport in the five o'clock rush one afternoon and flew off to the Big Island to see for myself. It was a cool ride in the oncoming dusk, along roads banked with trumpet flowers and giant tree ferns. At half past seven we had reached the National Park, and began to follow the signs that said, "This Way to the Volcano." The sky lay pale and blue but the sun had already fled westward toward Midway and Wake, leaving the earth dark, lighted only by the headlights as they flashed on the cars winding along Chain of Craters Road. A Ranger in heavy mackinaw and special goggles directed the traffic into a parking lot, and the sightseers descended swathed in sweaters, hats, and mufflers, a motley lot babbling in Japanese, pidgin, and Korean. We

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climbed with them onto the elevated platform and looked down into the crater. From the hole of Halemaumau came a jet that was the goldest of pure gold, never stopping, up and up until a river of it started to move along the crater floor. It was molten gold, like an egg when the color of the yoke is too deep, and it moved like a mass of molasses along the slightly tilted floor. There it turned black except for a filigree of fissures, a maze of golden lines changing every moment like a kaleidoscope held in the hands of an impatient doodler.

People only recently off the beach and off the pineapple fields were wrapped in oilskins, shrouded in hoods, in pliofilm ponchos, towels wrapped around their heads like Arabs yet chanting a tongue of the Orient. The wind whipped bitterly at the crowd of them in the stands and the smoke out of Pele's house curled wispy and tangerine against the deep blue of the sky. The pumice rained down like hailstones. It was a Roman candle that never gives out and one left the scene with a certain despair as if sailing from a summer island to which, under the same circumstances, one would never return. Over at the Volcano House the guests were drinking "Pele's Delight," which is made of rum and lilikoi juice, and some were having a late dinner looking out the picture windows toward the red glow of the crater and the twinkling wing lights, perhaps of Tobin's planes, which were making passes over the spectacle. A pleasant heat suffused the room, courtesy of the volcano from which it is siphoned, and as we settled back to have dinner and reflect on the adventure I could scarcely help but feel that had there been a head waiter and I in bold mood, I would have sent Pele a bottle of gin with my compliments. From the light glowing in her residence only a few hundred yards away, she most certainly was at home.

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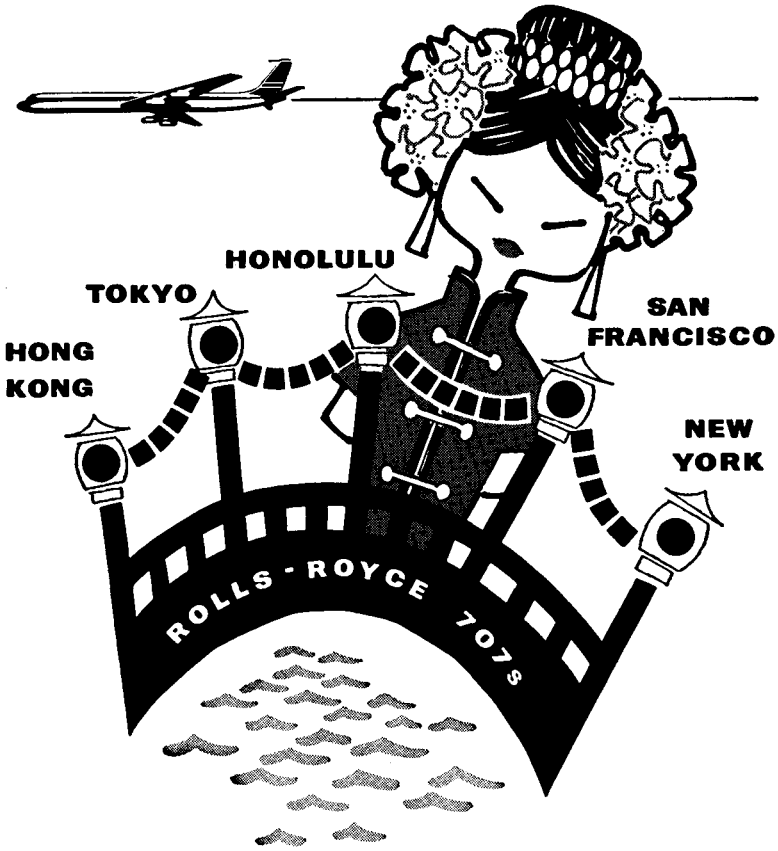

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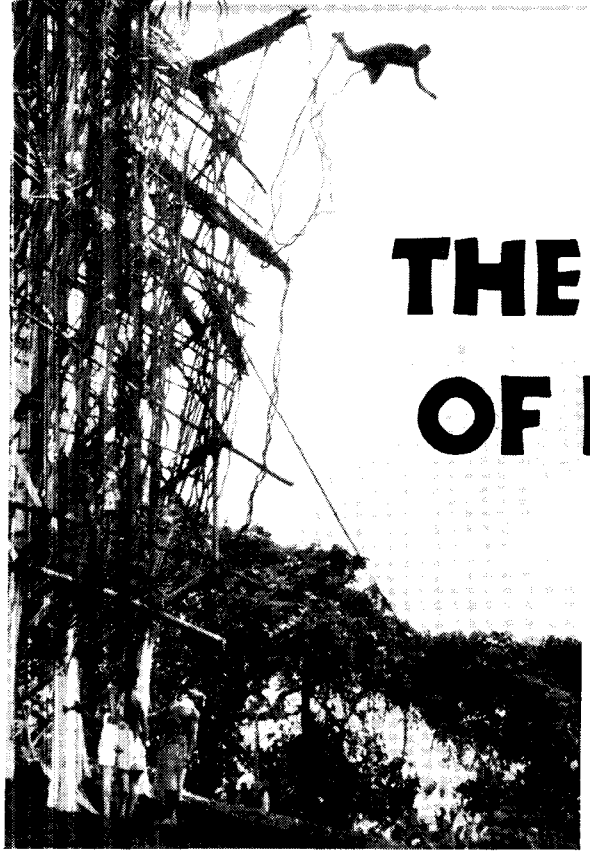

—*Qantas.*

THE LAND DIVERS OF PENTECOST

By David Attenborough, *a young Englishman who produces documentaries for the BBC and books for Harper. This account appears in "People of Paradise," his latest work.*

MANY years ago, a man from one of the Pentecost villages in the New Hebrides discovered that his wife was being unfaithful to him. He tried to catch her in order to beat her, but she ran from him and in an attempt to escape climbed up a palm tree. He climbed after her, and when he reached the top they began to argue.

"Why did you go to another man?" he asked. "Am I not man enough for you?"

"No," she said, "you are a weakling and a coward. You dare not even jump to the ground from here."

"That is impossible," he said.

"I can do it," said the woman.

"Then if you will do it, so will I. Let us jump together."

So they jumped. The wife had taken the precaution of tying the end of one of the palm leaves to her ankles so that she came to no harm, but the man was killed. The other men of the village were greatly humiliated that one of their sex should have been tricked by a woman. So they built a tower many times higher than a palm tree and started the jumping ceremony to prove to the women who came to watch them that they are after all the superior sex.

In Pentecost there is still practiced what must be one of the most dramatic and spectacular ceremonies in the whole of the Pacific, during which men with vines tied to their ankles dive head first from a tower 100 feet high.

On our arrival in Pentecost, we found that a tower was nearing completion. It now stood over eighty feet high and looked exceedingly unstable, for the upper stories lacked the support of the lopped tree trunk, which ran like a rigid spine up the center of the lower section. Attempts had been made to stabilize it by attaching guy ropes of vines to the top and lashing them to the boles of trees at the edge of the clearing, but even so the whole edifice swayed alarmingly as the builders unconcernedly clambered about in it.

Twenty-five men were to make the jump, and each of them would dive from a separate platform of his own. These were arranged in tiers up the face of the tower, the lowest only thirty feet above the ground, the highest within a few feet of the very top. Each consisted of two slim boards bound to a simple framework by a rough liana which served the additional purpose of providing a rough surface to the platform, on which a diver's feet would not slip. They projected horizontally some eight or nine feet into space, their outer ends supported by several thin struts. It was clear that these supports and the lashings securing their lower ends to the main platform would have to withstand a very great strain when a man jumped and the vines, trailing from his ankles and tied to the tower, suddenly whipped tight over the end of the platform. I asked the builders why they did not use stouter struts and stronger lashings. They explained that the supports were made frail purposely; for the platform was designed to collapse downwards when the falling diver neared the ground, thus acting as a shock absorber and lessening the tremendous jolt on the diver's ankles.

THE day before the ceremony, teams of men dug over the steep slope at the foot of the tower, meticulously sifting the earth through their fingers to make absolutely certain that there were no roots or boulders beneath the surface which could injure a diver as he landed. By the evening of the fifth day after we had first arrived, everything had been completed. The last man had come down from the tower, the last vine had been trimmed and tasseled. The tower stood deserted on the steep hillside, gaunt against the evening sky, like some sinister scaffold.

The next morning, we heard distant chanting in the bush. It grew louder and louder until, with dramatic suddenness, a line of people burst from the bush at the back of the tower and began to dance back and forth, chanting loudly.

Unobtrusively, a young boy left the ranks of the dancers and began to climb quickly up the back of the tower. Behind his ear he had tucked a red hibiscus, and he had whitened with

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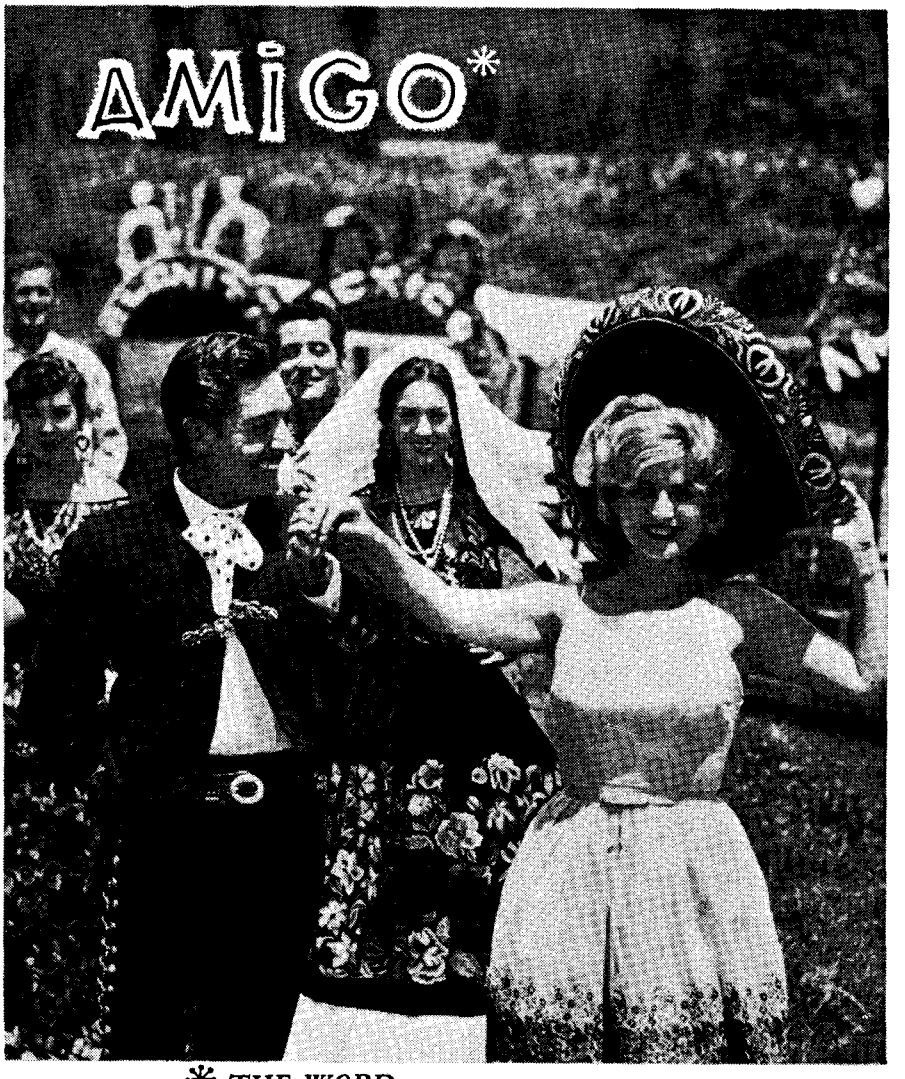
lime the parting cut in his fuzzy hair. Two older men clambered up behind him. They were relatives and were to act as his assistants in the ritual that was about to be enacted. For the first twenty feet they swung themselves upwards on the horizontal spars that formed a giant ladder up the back of the tower. Then they disappeared into the confused tangle of cross bars, diagonals, and verticals that made the interior of the tower look almost solid, and emerged on the front by the side of the lowest platform. One of the elder men pulled up the two vines that hung from the end. The boy stood impassive, his feet on the base of the platform, gripping the uprights of the tower. His assistant crouched by him, tying the vines to his ankles. The platform on which they stood was no more than thirty feet up the tower, but the boy would inevitably jump outwards and the ground beneath sloped so steeply that the point where he would first touch the earth, some fifteen feet out, was at least forty feet below him.

The fastening of the vines took no more than a couple of minutes. One of the assistants trimmed the loose ends of the knot with his bush knife; and then both of them retreated into the tower, leaving the boy alone.

Holding the red croton leaves in his hand, he released his hold on the tower timbers and walked slowly forward along his narrow platform to stand on the very end, one foot placed on each of the two boards that projected from beneath the liana binding. The dancers below and behind him changed their chant to a rhythmic, stabbing yell. They stopped their countermarching, and all turned to face the tower, holding out their arms straight in front of them, the women adding to the din by whistling piercingly through their teeth.

The boy, alone on the edge of space, raised his hands. Through my binoculars I could see that his lips were moving, but if he was calling or chanting, I could not hear him above the shrieks of the dancers. With a slow movement, so as not to disturb his balance, he threw the croton leaves into the air. They spun gently downwards to land on the ground forty feet below. The whistles and yells from the dancers grew increasingly insistent. The boy raised his hands once more and clapped three times above his head. Then with his fist clenched, he crossed his arms over his chest and shut his eyes. Slowly, with his body held stiff, he toppled forward. For what seemed an immensity of time he fell spread-eagled through the air. Then, as he plummeted downwards, the vines around his ankles suddenly whipped tight. There was a loud crack like a gunshot as the struts broke



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and the platform they had supported fell downwards. His head was no more than a few feet from the ground when the vines, stretched to their limit, snatched him backwards and flung him towards the foot of the tower, where he landed on his back in the soft earth.

The two men who had guarded the landing ground rushed forward, and while one of them supported the boy in his arms the other cut off the vines. The lad scrambled to his feet, grinning all over his face, and ran back to join the dancers. The two men dug over the soil where the boy had landed and even as they were doing so, another man ran out from among the dancers and climbed into the tower.

One by one during the next three hours, the men jumped, each diving from a higher platform. Forty, fifty, seventy feet they fell. Not all of them were young boys. One old man with hunched shoulders, wrinkled skin, and a short white beard came climbing up nimbly towards us. He stood on a platform eighty feet up and put on a spirited display of exuberant gestures before he fell. In the few seconds between his disappearance into space and the moment when the platform crashed downwards and the whole tower shook violently, we heard a high-pitched cackle. He was laughing even as he was tumbling through the air.

It was evening before the last jump of all took place. The diver stood, a tiny figure silhouetted against the sky, 100 feet above us. For many minutes, standing erect in perfect balance on his platform no more than two feet wide, he waved his arms and clapped his hands and threw down croton leaves. The singers far below him were hoarse, having sung for many hours, but when at last he leaned into the air and fell in a magnificent swooping curve to the earth, they raised a great shout and, still yelling, dashed from their dancing ground behind the tower across the landing ground to pick him up and carry him off shoulder high. It seemed miraculous that his knees and hip joints could have withstood the shattering jerk that must have come when the vines suddenly snatched him short, yet neither he nor anyone who had taken part in the ceremony that afternoon had been injured in any way.

I puzzled for a long time on what could be the meaning of this spectacular ceremony. As literal truth, the story of the unfaithful wife who tricked her husband was hardly convincing, and I was not able to collect enough evidence to speculate responsibly as to its symbolic meaning, if indeed it had one. I asked jumper after jumper why

(*Continued on page* 66)

Kepariwisataan!

Continued from page 34

and generosity. Customs people at the airport have been ordered to smile, taxi drivers warned to stop mulcting the innocent, and the government itself has been swiftly issuing a variety of decrees aimed at attracting, not repelling, tourists anywhere.

One decree—there are few things in life that make Indonesia's bureaucracy happier than issuing decrees—declared solemnly that the President had decided "not to create any difficulties in the development of tourism." Another decree established an official tourist committee—"to determine policy for promoting tourism"—headed by one of Sukarno's cabinet ministers. Still another created a committee for "facilitating the entry of foreign visitors and tourists," staffed by, among others, the chiefs of all three branches of the armed forces. "Egghead Tours" were organized, Indonesian consulates abroad were permitted to issue tourist visas on the spot, and regulations requiring an exit visa were abolished.

By far the most important decree, economically speaking, was dated May, 1961; it established a special exchange rate that was a public admission of the unrealistic value of the Indonesian rupiah. The rate—for tourists only—was doubled, from forty-five to the dollar to ninety. Even the new rate, however, does not turn the country into a dramatic tourist bargain—the truth is that many price tags (hotels excluded) are pegged to the black market rate, now fluctuating between 150 and 200 to the dollar. But it does help, and it does symbolize, too, that the government is, for the first time, seriously serious about tourism.

The opening up of the 3,000-island Indonesian archipelago—"a girdle of emerald," it has been called—now makes it possible for tourists to make the acquaintance of one of the most interesting under-developed and underknown countries in these ex-colonial backwaters. Pithecanthropus Erectus was here first, quite a while ago. The first European tourist to visit these shores was Marco Polo, in the 1290s, and he wrote it all up in his "Travels." So did some other notable tourists, including Captain Cook, in the 1770s, and John Gunther, about 160 years later. Gunther devoted only ten pages to the "Netherlands Indies" in his 599-page "Inside Asia," published in 1936. He was particularly struck by the natural wealth of the islands, describing them as "the Big Loot of Asia."

The loot that the new generation of tourists will take home will be of a different sort—of memories and impressions

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of a chain of islands that is 3,000 miles long and crowded with assorted civilizations, cultures, and languages, all being dovetailed into an "Indonesian Identity." Anyone with any political, anthropological, and cultural curiosity—and prepared to get along without the creature comforts of, say, Bangkok and Hong Kong—will find Indonesia the blue-plate special of Southeast Asia. One of the most strategic countries in the area, Indonesia is now in the process—under Sukarno's controversial leftist leadership—of establishing a "guided democracy," which has created many anxieties in the West and a certain amount of joy in the Communist world. For dessert, there's always Bali.

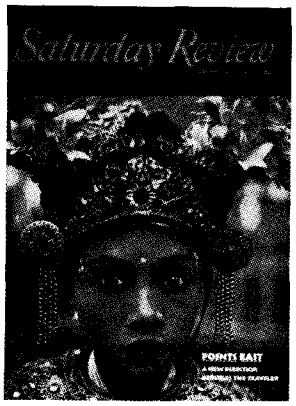
Not only is Indonesia, a country short of money but big on neutralism, borrowing funds from both sides of the Iron Curtain to help build a tourist industry, but she has also made tourism an official part of her new, ambitious Eight-Year Development Plan. This means that—assuming *this* plan, unlike the first development plan, doesn't die of malnutrition—a specific sum will be budgeted annually for the construction of badly needed tourist facilities. The fact is that Indonesia, for reasons ranging from ego to the desire to earn foreign exchange, is so keyed up about tourism these days that she has already booked herself for two big tourist events over the next two years.

The summer of 1962 will see Jakarta, already congested with more than 3,000,000 people, play host to the Asian Games, last held in Tokyo in 1958. Athletes, fans, and officials from about thirty countries are expected to descend on the capital, and Jakarta, slightly breathless, with Sukarno delivering periodic pep talks, is getting ready for the rush by widening streets, building new roads, expanding transportation, and, most of all, by hurrying the completion of both the fourteen-story, 439-room Hotel Indonesia and of the 100,000-seat stadium and other athletic paraphernalia. (The Cold War, incidentially, is picking up most of the tab for all this new construction; the U.S. is helping build a Jakarta bypass highway, the Russians have come up with a $12,500,000 credit for the stadium, etc., and the Japanese with an $8,000,000 credit for the hotel.)

In September, 1963, it will be the turn of the West Java capital of Bandung, a mountain-cradled city that was the scene of the Afro-Asian Conference of 1955. The annual meeting of the Pacific Area Travel Association will be held there, a decision reached at its Honolulu get-together last January. (The *Tampomas* figured, remotely, in this decision. Having been blessed by Sukarno on December 14, the ship steamed out of Jakarta's Tandjung Priok port a few days later, bound for Honolulu, with a cargo of seventy-five Balinese and Javanese dancers and musicians and one mission: to perform before the PATA people and woo them into coming to Bandung in '63. *They* were successful, even though the *Tampomas* broke down a few hours out of Jakarta and the troupe had to rush to Honolulu by chartered jet.)

In its efforts to break tourists of their irritating habit of ignoring Indonesia, the government—rather, the President, who, in his own flamboyant way, is part Cecil B. de Mille and part S. Hurok—has taken on the job of impresario of the nation's culture. The curtain went up last summer on a spectacular festival in Central Java—a ballet choreographed out of the Javanized version of the Hindu epic, the "Ramayana," with, as the saying goes, a cast of hundreds. The dancers performed on a 500-foot stage set up in front of a 1,200-year-old Hindu temple in the village of Prambanan. An open-air theatre, seating 3,000, was created; the music was provided by two *gamelan* orchestras, the libretto sung by two choirs, and the lighting provided by both man and nature—floodlights, a full moon, and the smoky cone (in the background) of Indonesia's "killer volcano," Mount Merapi. The festival is

The Cover Girl



MINUTES before she was photographed by Ewing Krainin, this splendidly costumed Balinese was a barefoot, shirtless ten-year-old. A dance critic by the time she was three, chosen as prime performer at the age of seven or eight, she will be a has-been before she reaches her teens, making way for a new generation of dancers. In her short span of glory she wears the costumes that belong to the village, enjoys, like all other youngsters of Bali, late hours, music, dance, and gossip. Covarrubias called the island "The Children's Republic." It will be a prime attraction as *Kepariwisataan* comes to Indonesia.

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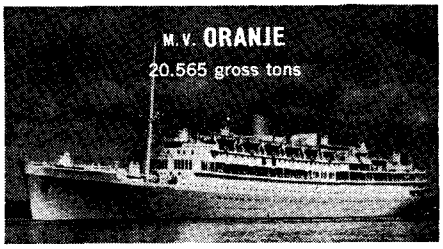

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slated to take place four times a year, during the dry season, with most of the tourist audience flown in from Jakarta, a couple of hours away, since Central Java simply hasn't the accommodations for such crowds now.

In other words, a revolution in the outlook on tourism has occurred, all right, but it is a revolution that still does not have the facilities—the hotels, restaurants, planes, taxis, trains, etc.—to go with it. Though goodwill has now replaced the official scowl, the shortages that plagued even the diehard travelers of the old days of chilliness still prevail throughout the country.

For example, Jakarta today has only a few hotels, none of them luxurious and all of them heavily and permanently occupied by the new elite of military officers, government officials, and other well-connected types. Some progress has been made during the last year in relocating these people, but the total number of rooms that have become available for authentic transients is still inadequate. The Hotel Duta Indonesia—it used to be the Dutch-owned Hotel des Indes, but the name, *not* the initials (since there was all that monogrammed cutlery and linen to think about) gave way to nationalism—has only a handful of its 200 rooms open to tourists. A reservation confirmed and reconfirmed far in advance, particularly if checked by the government travel agency Nitour, is usually honored, but there have been American tourists, even those who held "firm" reservations, who have ended up sleeping either in the lobby of the sprawling hotel or on a couch in the United States Embassy.

But Indonesia is at last seriously doing something about these shortages of tourist facilities. Besides the new Hotel Indonesia, there are plans for a network of hotels and restaurants to be constructed at the country's major tourist attractions, including Central Java, with its ancient culture and assorted temples—such as Borobudur, the world's largest Buddhist monument—left behind by earlier civilizations; Bali, with its dances, terraced panoramas, and sense of refuge; and Lake Toba, a magnificent mountain lake in North Sumatra that was reopened to tourists earlier this year after the armed rebellion in that area had been put down. These plans, though, are things of the future. Right now, there is the revolutionized Indonesia—raw, full of charm, eager. "*Selamat Datang*," as they say down there. It's the equivalent of "Glad to see you," and Indonesia—the *Government* this time; the people have always been friendly and hospitable regardless of the attitude of the bureaucrats—apparently really means it, now.

The 47 Samurai

Continued from page 36

KIRA: A warning?

ASANO: *I've seen you looking at my wife, Kira. I know what's in your mind.*

KIRA: Asano! You're imagining things!

ASANO: I don't think so. And the warning still stands.

KIRA: Very well . . . if that's how you feel. We'll see what happens when we get to the capital!

NARRATOR: Kira, the experienced courtier, waited until they reached the Shogun's palace in the big city. Asano, of course, made a number of mistakes in etiquette. Kira gave him little help. And finally, in front of all the other nobles, Kira deliberately embarrassed the lord from the country.

KIRA: Honored lords and nobles! If you've any business to transact . . . you'd best do it with me! This bumpkin from the country knows nothing *of good manners . . . or matters of* state!

MUSIC: *Sting chord.*

ASANO: Kira!

KIRA: (*contemptuous*) Yes, Asano!

ASANO: I may know nothing of etiquette —but I know how to use this sword!

SOUND: *A scuffle.*

KIRA: Careful, Asano! Careful with that!

ASANO: This . . . is what you've been deserving all along (*He grunts as he swings*).

NARRATOR: Kira dodged the blow. He was wounded only slightly. Then . . . Asano became cooler. He now realized the terrible thing he had done.

ASANO: I . . . I have drawn my sword in the palace! Against all custom and law! Now, there's only one course . . . one honorable procedure!

MUSIC: *Sting and mood. Down for:*

NARRATOR: In Japanese it's called "seppuku" . . . sometimes "hara-kiri," or cutting of the belly. When you're in extreme disgrace, it is the only honorable course. This was what Asano was faced with now. But there is even more disgrace to come . . . indignity upon indignity . . .

KIRA: (*On echo*) It is the decree of the magistrates, Asano . . . that you commit suicide in the open air . . . upon a dirty mat!

NARRATOR: And when the terrible day came . . . Asano suffered one further degradation. Before he could plunge the knife into himself . . . one of the Shogun's guards lopped off his head . . . and denied him the privilege of suicide!

MUSIC: *Up to resolution, then out.*

NARRATOR: Not long afterward, a loyal retainer of Asano's, a man named Oishi . . . called a meeting of all the samurai who once had served the dead man.

SOUND: (*Cross in*) *Crowd mutter. Establish, then fade for:*

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OISHI: Gentlemen! Gentlemen! Listen to me, gentlemen! Kira's villainy has brought a terrible disgrace to the house of Asano! I've called you here . . . to decide what's to be done!

VOICE: (*off slightly*) There's *nothing* to be done! I say we should all forget the past—disband!

OISHI: And I say not! I say we must avenge Asano! We must defy Kira! One day . . . we must place Kira's head, severed, on Asano's tomb!

VOICE: (off) Kira's too powerful! It's impossible!

OISHI: It's not impossible! And I have a plan! But it means that all who take part . . . must one day die . . . by their own hands!

SOUND: *Crowd reaction.*

OISHI: (*continuing*). Yes . . . by their own hands! just as our master, Asano, died! Now, then! Those of you who wish to avenge Asano's death—remain here! The others may go! When they're gone . . . I'll tell you what I have in mind!

MUSIC: *Ominous bridge. Establish then hold under:*

NARRATOR: Forty-six agreed to Oishi's plan. Altogether, Forty-seven became ronin . . . masterless samurai.

Ronin. Men of the waves. Drifting men.

Men without a master . . . men without direction.

But now, men bound together,
By a common purpose.
The warrior Oishi, was their leader.
Years passed, The forty-seven samurai, after many adventures, finally gathered in Edo,
The City of the East.
They had disguised themselves in various ways.
Some had become shopkeepers . . . some craftsmen.
Some tilled the soil . . . some were common laborers.
Oishi, their leader, posed as a ne'er-do-well.
Spending his time in taverns,
And places where the geisha gathered.
Kira, the object of their revenge,
Now lived in the City of the East.
But his house was a fortress; attack seemed impossible.
Until one dark morning when Oishi received a visitor. . . .

VOICE: (*Coming on*) Oishi! Oishi! Are you awake?

OISHI: Hm? Oh, yes. I was resting. Still dark, I see. What time is it?

VOICE: Early morning. Look outside, Oishi. Snow.

OISHI: Yes, I see. Snow. And Kira won't expect us to attack in the snow, will he? Well . . . I suppose the time has come. We know everything about Kira's residence now. We know where every guard is placed. We'll strike tomorrow night. Are all forty-seven of us together?

VOICE: The others wait only the word.

OISHI: Are you sure . . . they wish to hear this word?

VOICE: Sir?

OISHI: It's different now, you know. Different than it was before.

(*Continued on next page*)

Photo by Ewing Krainin

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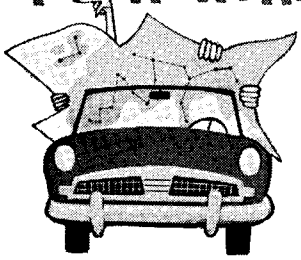

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VOICE: How is it different?

OISHI: We all came to Edo in disguise. We were samurai . . . but we took up various callings in order to live. Well . . . it seems that some of us have been successful at these new pursuits. Some of the men have found new lives for themselves. And some—

VOICE: Yes?

OISHI: Some have fallen in love.

VOICE: Nevertheless, Oishi . . . no one has forgotten our plan.

OISHI: Very well, then. But I hope one part of it is still quite clear.

VOICE: What's that, sir?

OISHI: When we defile Kira's house . . . when we take his life here in the city of Shogun—

VOICE: Yes?

OISHI: When we bring his head to Asano's tomb—

VOICE: Yes, yes!

OISHI: Then we must kneel before the shrine. Then we must draw our short swords . . . and take our own lives!

VOICE: Yes, Oishi. We all remember that, too.

OISHI: Let us not forget it. It is the only way we may do this thing with honor.

VOICE: We'll not forget.

OISHI: And now . . . spread the word. We attack Kira's house tomorrow!

MUSIC: *Mood suggesting attack. Cross to:*

SOUND: *Shouting, clanking of swords. Fade for:*

NARRATOR: And so the forty-seven samurai
Stormed Kira's residence, which lay
By a bridge in the City of the East.
They surprised his bodyguards.
They hunted him down.
They killed him.
His head was placed on Asano's tomb.
And after that . . . after the deed, they calmly surrendered to the Shogun.
The sentence upon them was passed.

VOICE II (ON ECHO):
All forty-seven of the masterless samurai . . . are to die by their own hands!

VOICE: *Crash chord, trailing to sad-sweet mood. Hold under:*

NARRATOR: The small hill stands just south of Tokyo.
You can see it there today. There is a temple,
On the hill, And in its park,
Stand forty-seven stones . . . the gravemarks
Of the loyal samurai.
In the sixteenth year of Genroku,
In the dead white winter of that year,
The forty-seven ronin gathered there,
Knelt . . . drew their swords . . . took their lives.
Their master . . . was avenged.

MUSIC: *Climax and resolve.*

NOTE: The forty-seven ronin are buried at Sengakuji Temple, about two miles southwest of Tokyo's Shiba Park. The temple can be reached by streetcar or bus from central Tokyo. Relics of the forty-seven samurai are preserved in one of the temple buildings.

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The Rossini File

By RICHARD FREED

APART from complete recordings of some of the operas, fourteen of the Rossini overtures are now available on records, and the release of Pierino Gamba's second overture collection for London (CS 6204, $5.98, or mono CM 9273, $4.98) brings to a formidable seventeen the number of such discs now listed, among which appear, with varying frequency, all but one of the fourteen titles. As if by design, no two of the seventeen discs entirely duplicate each other's program, and, as indicated in the chart, the recent Westminsters conducted by Previtali are the only two among them that do not have at least one title in common.

Previtali has recorded eleven overtures on his two records. Two of those he overlooked ("Il Turco in Italia" and "Il Viaggio a Reims") are to be found only on Mario Rossi's Vanguard disc, which has the distinction of offering more overtures (seven) than any of the other records. Both are rather negligible, though, as is "L'Inganno Felice," the only one of the overtures on which Previtali has an "exclusive" now.

There is much to admire in Previtali's relaxed readings, though perhaps few "first choices" among them. Felicities of phrasing, an abundance of humor (rather conspicuously lacking in the Karajan collection), well-judged tempi, and good recorded sound make the Westminster package an attractive solution for one who wants as many overtures as possible without duplicating any. Personally, however, I should prefer to forego "L'Inganno Felice" and risk a duplication or two in exchange for more *panache* in the presentation.

The only one of the fourteen recorded overtures not included in the various Rossini collections is that for "La Cambiale di Matrimonio," one of the shortest but, as played by Beecham and his Royal Philharmonic on Capitol SG 7251, one of the most fetching. Evidently we are not to have an all-Rossini disc by Sir Thomas, for "La Gazza Ladra" is the only other Rossini on the record, otherwise devoted to Mendelssohn and Berlioz. He had, however, made an earlier recording of "La Cambiale" for Columbia, and also (with the Philadelphia Orchestra) "Semiramide."

From the standpoint of orchestral virtuosity, the records by Toscanini, Reiner, Karajan, and Fricsay easily lead the rest, but the two by Pierino Gamba are not to be discounted. Young Gamba demonstrated a real flair for Rossini in his first collection of overtures, drawing superb playing from the London Symphony Orchestra in a well-chosen program balancing a stunning "William Tell" with four less familiar titles. His tempo for the finale of "William Tell" may leave some listeners breathless, but CM 9147, originally issued five or six years ago as LL 1366, remains one of my first choices from the entire field of seventeen. The mono sound, too, is uncommonly rich, still superior to that of some later entries.

Although the sound of the stereophonic edition is really spectacular (it is bound to be a popular demonstration disc for some time), Gamba's new record strikes me as rather less outstandingly successful than its predecessor. In "William Tell," the only overture repeated from the first collection, the LSO players again miraculously maintain the whizzing pace set by Gamba in the finale, but with somewhat less polish than in the first version. "La Gazza Ladra" is brought off with impressive swagger, and "La Scala di Seta" is certainly a winner, but there are moments in "Semiramide" and "The Barber of Seville" when the conductor does not seem to be in complete control, suggesting that he may have become just a bit self-conscious.

Another recent entry is actually a reissue, René Leibowitz's striking Urania of the four most substantial overtures (US 5114, $5.98, or mono UR 114, $4.98). Leibowitz, too, has some engagingly original ideas about the material, and the Pasdeloup Orchestra, while not really the equal of the London Symphony, plays remarkably well for him. Those who would rather have "L'Italiana in Algeri" than the "Scala di Seta" and "Barber" offered by Gamba will be happy with the well-recorded Urania.

Of the records issued earlier, Toscanini's, of course, must always occupy a special place in any list, his incomparable "Cenerentola" alone worth the price of the disc and the whole assortment as

OVERTURE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17
The Barber of Seville	•	•	•	•	•		•	•	•					•		•	•
William Tell	•	•	•	•		•	•	•			•	•	•	•		•	
Semiramide	•		•				•	•	•	•	•	•	•		•	•	•
L'Italiana in Algeri			•	•	•				•	•			•		•		•
La Scala di Seta		•	•	•	•		•	•	•			•			•	•	
La Gazza Ladra	•	•	•	•	•		•	•	•		•	•	•		•		
La Cenerentola	•	•		•	•	•		•		•	•			•			
Il Signor Bruschino	•	•			•	•			•						•		
Tancredi						•				•					•		
Il Viaggio a Reims										•							
L'Inganno Felice														•			
The Siege of Corinth						•				•				•			
Il Turco in Italia										•							

Key to Performers and Record Numbers *(Stereo numbers and prices in italics)*

1. Toscanini, NBC Symphony Orchestra, RCA Victor LM-2040, $4.98
2. Reiner, Chicago Symphony Orch., RCA Victor LM-2318, $4.98, *LSC-2318, $5.98*
3. Karajan, Philharmonia Orchestra, Angel 35890, $4.98, *S-35890, $5.98*
4. Markevitch, Orchestre National RTF, Angel 35548, $4.98
5. Dorati, Minneapolis Symphony, Mercury MG-50139, $4.98, *SR-90139, $5.98*
6. Gamba, London Symphony Orchestra, London CM-9147, $4.98
7. Gamba, London Symphony Orch., London CM-9273, $4.98, *CS-6204, $5.98*
8. Perlea, Bamberg Symphony, Vox CBY-11180, $4.98, *STCBY-11180, $4.98*
9. Fricsay, Berlin Philharmonic & Berlin Radio Orch., Decca DL-9902, $4.98
10. Rossi, Vienna State Opera Orchestra, Vanguard VRS-456, $4.98
11. Maag, Paris Conservatoire Orch., London CM-9257, $4.98, *CS-6089, $5.98*
12. Van Beinum, Concertgebouw Orchestra, Richmond B-19004, $1.98
13. Leibowitz, Pasdeloup Orchestra, Urania UR-114, $4.98, *US-5114, $5.98*
14. Previtali, Santa Cecilia Orch., Westminster XWN-18944, $4.98, *WST-14128, $5.98*
15. Previtali, Santa Cecilia Orch., Westminster XWN-18945, $4.98, *WST-14129, $5.98*
16. Alwyn, New Symphony Orch., Richmond B-19058, $1.98, *S-29058, $2.98*
17. Sejna, Czech Philharmonic Orch., Parliament PLP-107, $1.98

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"definitive" as one could ask. Although four of the six overtures were transferred from 78s released fifteen years ago, the sound is still more than acceptable.

The well-received Reiner package substitutes a fetching "Scala di Seta" for "Semiramide" in a program otherwise identical with Toscanini's, and is apparently meant to be supplemented by the "Semiramide" and "Italiana in Algeri" in Georg Solti's collection of operatic preludes and dances on another RCA Victor disc ("Venice," LSC 2313). Those who find the rest of Solti's repertory (with the ubiquitous "Dance of the Hours") unattractive, however, might choose the inexpensive Parliament on which Karel Sejna leads stylish performances of the same two items plus one duplication from the Reiner collection.

Those for whom repertory is the decisive factor might be attracted by the layout of Karajan's Angel, the only disc among the seventeen to offer the six best-known overtures. They are presented, however, in more of those efficient but hardly compelling performances we have come to associate with Karajan, whose bloodless approach is particularly inappropriate in this material. Dorati's Mercury, on the other hand, is admirable for its spirit as well as its polish; it omits the two "biggest" overtures, but that omission makes it especially attractive to collectors who have "Semiramide" and "William Tell" by Toscanini on a discontinued Victor ten-incher.

Like the other two Hungarian conductors represented here, Fricsay manages to keep a tight rein on the music and still allow a good deal of flexibility. His program is the same as Dorati's, except that he replaces "La Cenerentola" with a vivid "Semiramide." There is some disagreement between American and European catalogues as to which of the two Berlin orchestras plays which overture under Fricsay, but both those splendid groups are in great form, the winds in "La Scala di Seta" and "Semiramide" (both credited to the Philharmonic on the American Decca disc) especially outstanding. The sound is remarkably good for almost ten years ago, when some of the material was first issued.

For those who must have more Rossini overtures than can be had on one record and who do not insist on stereo, the most recommendable combination might be the Fricsay/Decca and the earlier Gamba/London (CM 9147), the two discs together offering the six best-known overtures and the four best of the less familiar ones with only one duplication ("Il Signor Bruschino," the shortest of all).

"Volksballade" by Kodaly

A NEWLY imported recording of the opera "The Spinnery" (Hungarian Radio Symphony Orchestra and Chorus, János Ferencsik, conductor, Artia-Qualiton HLPX 1009/10, $11.98) could have been easily dismissed with a shrugging *"Es geht nur in Ungarisch,"* had it not been composed by Zoltán Kodály, whose name commands respect. Kodály himself thought of it, so they say, more as a *Singspiel* than an opera, although it has been performed at the Budapest Opera house, at La Scala, and in Germany. This work, first composed in 1924 under the title of *"Volksballade in Opernformat,"* was presented more than thirty times in small theatres in Hungary. Since 1932, however, when the composer put it in final form, it has been accepted by the opera houses.

But its new residence did not enhance the work — it still remains a *Singspiel* in one act, for neither the score nor the book is operatic material. Kodály, today seventy-nine years old, has devoted most of his work to the national music based on folklore of his country. "The Spinnery" is actually a collection of some of these melodies, songs and dances which were loosely "spun" together in the seven scenes representing "a picture of Hungarian life." Thus the score is a mixture of folk music and symphonic music, the latter written by a master composer whenever the action on the stage allowed a *Zwischenspiel*. These, although always very short, are much superior in every respect to folk music: in harmonization, orchestration, and inventive ideas. And perhaps it is these contrasting moments that keep reminding the listeners that the score was written not by a mere adapter of folk music but by an outstanding musical personality. The sharp strokes of humor in musical descriptive passages of the characters of the play, and the strength and the brevity of his pronouncements, are typically Kodály.

The performance of the Hungarian Radio Symphony conducted by János Ferencsik is far from an outstanding one. The principal singers are rather mediocre, except for I. Szecsódi, who sings the role of the young girl in a sweet soprano. But the choruses are well trained and deliver their parts with precision and gusto.

As to the plot, there is not much to it. It begins with the sad parting of the *Hausfrau* (no first or last names are given to the characters), who apparently is the owner of the Spinnery, from her suitor. Why he has to leave her, and also his country, never becomes clear, even after his departure, when two gendarmes come to look for him; they search every corner of the room, but reveal nothing since they never utter a single word.

Left alone, the *Hausfrau* bemoans her unhappy fate until a group of boys and girls singing and dancing come to console her, telling her that her suitor is perfectly safe. While this goes on, another love affair seems to develop: one of the young men declares that he intends to die unless his best girl marries him. The young man's mother begs him to go on living, promising him wealth, apparently also influencing the girl's favors. Nevertheless, the young man is adamant, and finally his mother tells him to die. A bier is prepared and he installs himself on it, while the rest of the cast places lighted candles at his head and sings a dirge. The tolling of a bell, far away, is heard, and one would think that the aspiring lover is dead. Not at all. Without any further ado the young man suddenly resurrects himself. Here I wish he had told us what he saw "on the other side," thus making Kodály's composition unique, but instead he bursts into a duet with his girl, who after expressing several times her desire to see the promised wealth, now is reconciled to marry him. But this is not the end of the opera. The lovers are interrupted by the sudden appearance of a new character disguised as a flea. He is not welcome, he is even attacked, but this does not stop him from singing his song (not to be confused with Mussorgsky's song "The Flea"). He, too, wishes to marry, but after debating the problems and the disadvantages of marrying rich or poor girls, young or old, he finally chooses to remain single. Just then the *Hausfrau's* suitor returns handcuffed, accompanied by one of the gendarmes. While he tells of his sad life, the second gendarme reappears, followed by an old woman who, discovering the flea, unmasks him and accuses him of being the "guilty one, the villain." He is promptly arrested and both the flea and the suitor are led away by the gendarmes. But now it is getting late in the evening on the stage and also for the audience, and at last the suitor returns — he has been found innocent and is set free. The opera ends with a quartet of the two happy couples.

The album contains the text and program notes in Hungarian and German, but no English translation.

—Victor Seroff.

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Recordings Report: Jazz LPs

TITLE, PERSONNEL, DATA	REPORT
"The Blues In Modern Jazz." Eight different groups. Atlantic 1331, $4.98.	An excellent sampler disc of material from the Atlantic catalogue. The blues, at bottom merely a simple harmonic form, has given rise to music of enormous variety. Something of that scope is revealed here in blues or blues-based performances by, most notably, Dizzy Gillespie, Charles Mingus ("Haitian Fight Song"), Thelonius Monk, Art Blakey ("Blue Monk"), Lennie Tristano and Milt Jackson (both "Blues At Twilight" with Lucky Thompson and "Bluesology" with the Modern Jazz Quartet).
Grant Green: "Green Street." Green, guitar; Ben Tucker, bass; Dave Bailey, drums. Blue Note 4071, $4.98.	In his liner notes Leonard Feather expresses the view that Grant Green represents a turn in the evolution of jazz guitar comparable to the revolutionary one taken by Charlie Christian some twenty years ago. Perhaps, but this album is no proof. To my ear Green is a fairly competent but ordinary soloist, rather heavily in debt to Wes Montgomery, but lacking Montgomery's virtuosity or inventiveness. Best of the tunes is Monk's classic "Round Midnight," which sustains itself.
Tubby Hayes: "Introducing Tubbs." Hayes, tenor and vibraphone; Terry Shannon, piano; Jimmy Deuchar, trumpet; and others. Epic LA 16019, $3.98, stereo, BA 17019, $4.98.	A rather characterless LP. Hayes, a British hard-bop tenor saxophonist, is an agile technician who can run the current licks a little faster than most other people. A firm sense of time only partially compensates for the lack of imagination he shows here—a lack which (I must hasten to add, since I don't know all his work) may not be representative. This is a program of originals and standards (including "Love Walked In" and "Falling in Love with Love") with three different groups, one a quartet and the others quite large. Hayes's vibraphone work on two tracks is hustling and metallic.
Freddie Hubbard: "Hub Cap." Hubbard, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; Jimmy Heath, tenor; Cedar Walton, piano; Larry Ridley, bass; Philly Joe Jones, drums. Blue Note 4073, $4.98.	Hubbard, only twenty-three, has managed to combine the trumpet conceptions of Art Farmer, Clifford Brown, and Miles Davis without being in the least dominated by any of them. He has facility, a growing imagination, and a welcome distaste for the easy cliché. His poignant handling and development of the Randy Weston ballad "Cry Me Not"(arranged by Melba Liston) deserves particular attention. The other soloists sound pretty dull by comparison, and that interesting but tactless drummer, Philly Joe Jones, plays here as though he were all by himself.
Clifford Jordan: "Starting Time." Kenny Dorham, trumpet; Jordan, tenor; Cedar Walton, piano; Wilbur Ware, bass; Albert Heath, drums. Jazzland JLP 52, $4.98; stereo, JLP 952S, $5.98.	Music in the hard, hip vein. All but one of the compositions are new originals. Like many other young tenors bewitched by John Coltrane, Jordan uses a monochromatic tone and suffers from rhythmic stiffness. He does have some attractive ideas, however, and declines to take the usual refuge in bravura flurries of notes. Dorham is an underrated bop veteran who, after some tentative efforts, finally plays fine up-tempo solos on "Mosaic" and his own interesting "Windmill." There are moments of confusion in the rhythm section.
John Lewis: "The Wonderful World of Jazz." Three groups including Lewis, piano; Jim Hall, guitar; George Duvivier, bass, Connie Kay, drums; Herb Pomeroy, trumpet; Eric Dolphy, alto; Paul Gonzalves and Benny Golson, tenors; and others. Atlantic 1375, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	"Two Degrees East, Three Degrees West" shows Lewis at his best, both as a solidly riffing accompanist and as an exquisite blues-inflected soloist, in a quartet also containing Hall, Duvivier, and Kay. Two other quartet pieces are less rewarding. "Body and Soul" (add Pomeroy and Gonzalves to the same quartet) is much too long and disintegrates at several points despite a sensitive Gonzalves solo. Lewis himself damages "Afternoon in Paris" (with erratic Dolphy and good Golson) by exhibiting his mannered side: pedalled out of tempo passages and baroque trills. Connie Kay sounds perfect throughout, like a rhythmic rustling of leaves.
Herbie Mann: "The Family of Mann." Mann, flute; with three groups variously including Charlie Palmieri, piano; Dave Pike, vibraphone and marimba; Rudy Collins, Ray Barretto, and Ray Mantilla, percussion; and others. Atlantic 1371, $4.98; stereo, $5.98.	Mann is interested in blending jazz with more or less distantly related forms of African and Caribbean music. There are some incongruous consequences—such as Afro-Cuban drumming in the neo-Gospel tune "Moanin' "—and some pleasant ones—such as the transformation of Ray Charles's "This Little Girl of Mine" into a bluesy pachanga with a swinging three-man Cuban violin section. On two tracks the violins are replaced by four trumpets.
Fats Navarro with Tadd Dameron. Navarro, trumpet; Allan Eager, tenor; Rudy Williams, alto; Dameron, piano; Curly Russell, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums. Jazzland JLP 50, $4.98.	Broadcasts from a 52nd Street club in 1948 by one of the finest bop groups of all time. Eager and Navarro snap through the Parker-Gillespie line "Anthropology" and several Dameron compositions with splendid precision. Navarro, who died in 1950, has never sounded better on records. His long-lined, intricately lacy choruses are, without reservations, absolutely fantastic. Clarke and Russell give him extremely supple and intelligent support. Sound reproduction is adequate.
Don Rendell: "Roarin'." Rendell, tenor; Graham Bond, alto; John Burch, piano; Tony Archer, bass; Phil Kinorra, drums. Jazzland JLP 51, $4.98; stereo, JLP 951S, $5.98.	In this country what began as "soul" jazz—a praiseworthy movement back to the folk roots—has become a collection of predictable formulae of merely commercial value. This British quintet, however, handles the Adderley-Timmons-like routines with a humorous and almost naïve energy that is genuinely exciting, and does a great deal more besides. Rendell (a cross between Lester Young and John Coltrane) and Bond (a cross between Adderley and Eric Dolphy) provide wailing solos and several unusual duets. A certain zany abandon makes more than one passage very funny.
Memphis Slim: "Memphis Slim's Tribute." Memphis Slim, vocals and piano; Jazz Gillum, vocals and harmonica; Arbee Stidham, vocals and guitar. Candid 8023, $4.98; stereo, 9023, $5.98. Jazz Gillum: "Blues by Jazz Gillum." Same group. Folkways FS 3826, $5.95.	Although by the same men, these two LPs are very different. The Folkways is a collection of twelve compact, gutty, and rather similar blues—five sung by Gillum, five by Stidham, and two instrumentalists. The Candid is a varied, rambling session during which the three musicians each dedicate their performances to a past blues artist and do a little brief reminiscing before getting to the music. All three men are good blues singers. Slim is a vigorous, adventurous, but sometimes sloppy blues pianist, and, on more than half of the Folkways tracks, turns out to be a really superb blues organist as well. The Folkways is the superior set. The Candid has one almost disqualifying fault in that Stidham's guitar is almost a quarter-tone flat throughout, obliterating the purposeful shadings of pitch so important in this music. —Mait Edey.

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Evolution of Our Conscience

"Antislavery: The Crusade for Freedom in America," by Dwight Lowell Dumond (University of Michigan Press. 372 pp. $20), and "A Bibliography of Antislavery in America," by Dwight Lowell Dumond (University of Michigan Press. 119 pp. $10), record the history of the Abolitionist movement from before the Revolution to the present fight against segregation. Arna Bontemps, librarian of Fisk University, is the author of a number of novels, biographies, and other works.

By Arna Bontemps

TWO MATTERS that have concerned Americans, and to some extent the rest of the world, in recent months have sometimes been treated as if they were unrelated. One is our 100-year Civil War nostalgia; the other, the nonviolent campaign to remove segregation from the laws and folkways of the Southern region by "sit in" demonstrations, "freedom rides," and the like. But wistfulness and banjo strumming to the contrary, the grave moral issue of human slavery was at the very heart of the bloody conflict. Without it the tragic drama would have been neither tragic nor drama, and Dwight Lowell Dumond, professor of history at the University of Michigan, has put into the historical record a thundering documentation of the facts that prove it.

Mankind brought with him, when he emerged from barbarism, the well-established habit of fighting for freedom and against slavery. The reminder that Americans were passionately split on this question as recently as a century ago may not be welcomed by all, especially at a time when great efforts are being made to celebrate an end of bitterness, but the truth stands nevertheless, and to those who are still engaged in a last-ditch fight against segregation, slavery's other self, the reminder is more than appropriate. It is vitally important.

In the ancient world the link between slavery and war was taken for granted, but Christianity, when it began to spread, introduced a disturbing element. Was it right for one Christian to enslave another? The Christian answer was No. Of course, this did not mean that Christian nations stopped fighting or that Christian people renounced slavery itself. Thereafter, however, it was only when Christians fought Mohammedans that the victors enslaved the vanquished. Since the opponents on each side were strong and politically well organized in these cases, the number of such slaves never became large.

Modern slavery, as we know it, followed the Portuguese explorations in African waters in the fifteenth century. The Africans made excellent game for the slave hunter. Lacking political units strong enough to resist successfully, they were vulnerable. Not being Christians, they qualified. The number of slaves absorbed by Europe at this time was not large, but with the conquest of the New World the traffic exploded. As Dumond says, "The continent of Africa was ravished that the Americas might prosper. A total of 10,000,000 men and women were carried out; 100,000,000 died."

William Agutter, a learned man with a wide personal acquaintance among men who knew Africa and the slave trade, preaching before the corporation of the city of Oxford, England, at St. Martin's Church on Sunday, February 3, 1788, provided additional details:

> In the extensive kingdoms of Africa, the most horrid wars, rapine, and desolation have been encouraged for more than 200 years, to promote this trade in human blood. Some are entrapped by deceit, but the generality are seized by violence. Their fields are desolated; their homes are burnt with fire. The mild and peaceable Negro is driven from his comfortable home; torn from all the tender connections of social life; branded with a hot iron; confined on ship-board amidst chains and nakedness, filth and pestilence. There they are crowded in such numbers, and treated with such cruelty, that death brings a happy release unto thousands. . . . For those who escape the dangers of the sea, and endure the hardships of the voyage, new calamities are reserved in store, when they arrive at their places of destination.

With voices like this speaking on one side, and economic incentives, shall we say, speaking on the other, the Christian mind was under pressure to rationalize the issue. Missionaries complicated matters by converting a good many Africans and Indians and thus bringing them under the protection of the Christian position. But there were those to whom this obstacle was only a temporary annoyance. They removed it by shifting the basis of slavery from religion to race, and the defenders of slavery quickly began to insist that it was a Christian institution and a benefit to the heathen from Africa because it exposed them to Christian civilization.

Here was a claim that insulted intelligence, and here the controversy began in earnest. In England the opposition to slavery moved to a climax in 1773, after three-quarters of a century of litigation, in the famous Sommersett Case, in which the King's attorney and solicitor general ruled, "The state of slavery is of such a nature, that it is incapable of being introduced on any reasons, moral or political. . . . It is so odious that nothing can be suffered to support it, but positive law. . . . I cannot say this case is allowed or approved by the law of England; and therefore the black must be discharged."

Negroes were brought to America under the laws governing indentured servants. This law in time evolved into the law of slavery. But the sequence did not win it unanimous approval. Roger Williams reacted negatively to slavery, as did Chief Justice Samuel Sewall. Yet organized protest remained insignificant till after the Revolution. Even then it was not the Puritans but the Quakers who led the cause. Interestingly, none of these early opponents of slavery in the United States based their position mainly on theory or arguments in law. They based it on their own conception of human decency.

The Quakers, for whom John Woolman and Anthony Benezet witnessed in the pre-Revolutionary era, never wavered, and in Pennsylvania, where they were politically influential, the legislature passed a gradual emancipation act in 1780. The antislavery impulse was a force, as Dumond makes clear, during the American Revolution, but the "formal opposition to slavery," as represented by societies with the stated aim of promoting abolition, also stemmed from the Quakers. Meeting for

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the first time in 1775, their antislavery society suspended operations during the war, but they set an example which many followed after.

Dumond's account of the crusade for freedom in America is scrupulous scholarship supported by fervent feeling. The result is most rewarding. Nor is the physical book to be overlooked. The illustrations and facsimiles alone appear to represent years of collecting and would have made an impressive pictorial volume had they been published without the definitive study of antislavery that they complement here.

Together they make a cavalcade of the great moments, the great motives, the great movers and shakers of America's conscience. Dumond omits none of the familiar apostles of antislavery, follows the political threads as well as the literary expressions. And, unlike some who write our histories, he does not neglect the role of the Negro himself in the mighty cause. The efforts by slaves at self-assertion modeled after the revolutionary uprisings of slaves in Haiti, the runaways (secretly aided by confederates along the way) aiming not only at freeing the fugitive but also at striking a blow at the economic base of slavery by making it uncertain and insecure, and the public campaigning of free Negro leaders like Frederick Douglass to promote sentiment favorable to the slave in the Northern states and abroad—all are a part of the story, and they have not been overlooked by this historian.

"Second-class citizenship," says Dumond, "is only a modified form of slavery. Both rest upon the barbaric, unscientific concept of racialism." The men and women who opposed and denounced slavery, working to break its hold on our country, were at first a small group, often held in derision. In the end, he says, they were "a constitutional majority." His book is a stirring account of how it happened.

A final touch to this extraordinary project by the University of Michigan Press is the matching volume, "A Bibliography of Antislavery in America," Dumond's meticulous listing of his sources.

Capital Gains in Shackled Men

***"Black Mother: The Years of the African Slave Trade," by Basil Davidson** (Little, Brown. 290 pp. $6.50), shows the devastating and far-reaching effects of the transformation of a stable society into a mine of "black gold." Hugh H. Smythe, now on leave from Brooklyn College to serve with the U.S. Mission to the United Nations, is currently preparing a textbook on Africa.*

By Hugh H. Smythe

THE STORY of the African slave trade in its Euro-American context has been told and retold time and again. But the drama of this great human epic and how it affected and influenced the course of events on that continent is little known and even less understood. Basil Davidson, who unearthed "The Lost Cities of Africa," this time analyzes "The Black Mother," as he metaphorically refers to the continent. In a penetrating, thoughtful, and interpretative analysis of the African genesis of slave cargoes, he describes the disgorgement of some forty million (his estimate) offspring from the continental womb. Eliminating the cumbersome footnotage of scholarly treatment, yet retaining the accuracy of a careful and diligent student of history, he does more than simply traverse the familiar paths of the slave trade; he examines three regions which present contrasts and parallels and permit more precise measurement of the effects of this drainage of humanity from its native habitat. These are the old states of the Congo, the East African coastal city-states and trading empires, and parts of the Guinea Coast, now West Africa.

Within the time-depth perspective of medieval Euro-African connections is brought into focus the early equality that existed between the two. European traders sold their fellow-countrymen to Egypt and other parts of North Africa, just as the lords of Africa sold their own folk to the mariners who sailed to their shores from Europe. Likewise, the feudalism of Europe was matched in many ways in the highly organized and stable African society of that period. Vassalage was common to both continents, and the condition of the bulk of both populations was much the same.

But the opening of the New World of the Americas created an almost insatiable demand for "black gold," and the consequences for Africa were devastating. The slave trade, once installed, resulted in a kind of genocide that was accompanied by staggering waste in the use of people. It suffocated the growth of Africa, since it entailed the export of capital in the form of human beings without any return in interest or enlargement of the indigenous economy. It confirmed the conservative elements in African feudalism, while distorting their influence and power. It provided a ready method for rulers to eliminate their critics, thereby perverting a chiefly rule that had served the social fabric well. It introduced the blighting pressures of monopoly, autocracy, musket, and warfare that rent the admirable Afro-Arab syncretic civilizations of the East, and tore asunder the stable societies of the Congo and West Coast. And it made all Africans potential victims of the vicious practice of "slave or be enslaved," which justify among tribal groups the sale of the "non-belonger." Further, it generated ideas of racial superiority among Europeans that helped to hasten colonial conquest, while in Africans it tended to indoctrinate a sense of inferiority, and sometimes guilt and shame. Yet it did not stop their resistence, nor destroy their belief in themselves and in life itself. That is why today Africans are rising and again reasserting their equality with the rest of mankind.

Although repetitious phraseology intrudes a touch of monotony in an otherwise ably written narrative, this minor flaw does not outweigh Davidson's deft word choice and other virtues. Authoritative, conceived on sound historical research, and beautifully put together, the volume may be a minor classic. It presents in new perspective old information long dormant and unexplored.

IT'S LIKE THIS: There is a saying among Negroes that no white man, no matter how hard he tries, can really understand what it is like to be black in America. John Howard Griffin has come closer to this understanding than any white man that I know. Griffin's brief encounter with being black is set forth in **"Black Like Me"** (Houghton Mifflin, $3.50), a generally excellent book that should go a long ways toward lifting the curtain of doubt and mistrust that now separates Negroes and white people.

As a Negro I was somewhat amused as Griffin eased from the white world into the black and encountered hostilities that have been my daily bread since childhood. Not that I was happy to see him suffer; rather that it was a joy to see a white man become black for a little while and then re-enter his own world screaming in the tones of Richard Wright and James Baldwin. And since there are white people who doubt every-

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thing a Negro says, perhaps now they will hear us when we say the plight of the American Negro is a disgrace, that this nation can never take its world leadership role seriously until this blight is removed.

"Black Like Me" also contains some arresting moments for Negroes. Passing as a Negro, Griffin gets into conversations with Negro leaders and hears them deplore the fact that the race lacks unity. Of course, only an immature mind expects the Negro to be a monolith, and the fact that Negroes themselves deplore diversity of opinion is further evidence of the Negro's inability to see himself as an individual rather than as a race.

The real merit of this book, at least so it seems to me, is that a Southern white man became so involved with his own conscience that he became a Negro (how he did it is something you must read the book to find out) and has published his frightening discoveries for his friends and neighbors to read. Griffin's fellow white Texans reacted in a predictable fashion: his life was threatened and it became necessary for him to send his wife and children away for their safety.

I met John Griffin shortly after he completed his journey through Mississippi as a black man. He came to New York for a television program I was producing. I was deeply impressed by him and came to believe in his essential honesty. This was not a stunt; this was not a lark carried out by a free-lance writer in search of a story. Rather, "Black Like Me" comes from the heart of a man who learned the meaning of suffering during a temporary bout with blindness. And it was while John Howard Griffin was at the altar of darkness that he first knew the pain of being different. Without doubt this trip through the South as a Negro is Griffin's sincere effort to make our society a better place.

"Black Like Me" is a moving and troubling book written by an accomplished novelist. Though slender, this volume is a scathing indictment of our society. I recommend it to those who would understand why this republic is in disfavor with the nonwhite peoples of the world. —Louis E. Lomax.

History Makers

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willing to try. "Do! We have some comrades over there from Spain but they no longer listen to the directives of our Central Committee. So please tell them . . . that I, the Secretary General of the Party, Comrade Tito, ask them to pay more attention to our directives."

I nearly collapsed. The Secretary General in my attic!

Dedijer is equally honest about the truly heroic Partisan war, and he does not gloss over acts of incredible brutality performed by his more backward compatriots in the midst of it.

"I was in Piva [a fellow officer tells Dedijer] visiting a cell of the youth organization. I listened to the secretary's report, which mentioned that they executed a rich peasant in the village. I asked why they had done that, had the man been an informer or a quisling? But the secretary said: 'No, he had even donated to our funds regularly!' I got mad and asked them why they had killed him, then. After some hesitation, the secretary answered: 'We killed him because one day he would have been our enemy. He was a kulak.' I jumped up and started to curse them, but the secretary pointed to a boy, sitting among them: 'This is his son and he also voted for the execution of his father.' "

Told after first meeting with Djilas to get out of town for awhile, Dedijer went skiing and met a medical student named Olga. They fell in love and were married. The daughter of a conservative politician, Olga did not share Vlado's political views "I am trying to convince thousands of people to accept that cause," he would complain, "but my own wife just keeps quiet and says nothing." But a "common outlook was forged in the fires of the Second World War." Olga joined the Partisan army as a surgeon and was wounded. Aware after her right arm was amputated that she could never perform another operation, she told Vlado, "I will be a children's doctor." This, unfortunately, was not to be. Gangrene set in and Olga died.

Dedijer's last book published in this country was "Tito." This biography was translated into thirty-seven languages, and Dedijer donated all the royalties, exceeding $500,000, to a hospital built in memory of Olga.

To me, the moral of "The Beloved Land" is that backward countries that prefer repression to progress are sitting ducks for Communism. Americans, realizing that we too have "Balkan countries" in our hemisphere, may draw an uncomfortable parallel between them and prewar Yugoslavia.

Ideas

Continued from page 23

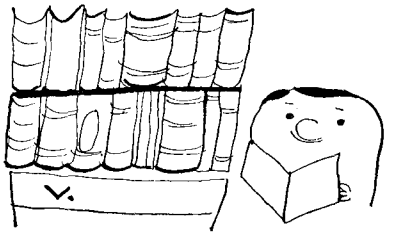
confidence and ultimately the power of the European peoples.

In developing his thesis Masur groups the "prophets of yesterday" into two categories. One, of which the leading figures are Hegel, Marx, and Darwin, submerged the individual into the state, the class, or the species. And the other, led by Nietzsche, Kierkegaard, and Baudelaire, made the individual a law unto himself. "Between these two groups the social fabric of European civilization was torn to shreds; on the one hand undisciplined anarchy, and on the other, overdisciplined authority."

As a consequence Europe faced the great catastrophe of 1914 distraught and divided. An old order was dying and a new order was struggling to be born. "To give it birth, the shell that had enclosed nineteenth-century European civilization had to be shattered."

Masur is a historian with a difference. Unlike most of his fellow craftsmen he has an intense and overflowing interest in cultural matters. He is at his best in sketching the intellectual contour of a writer or an artist. His characterizations of the "prophets of yesterday" are apt, vivid, and epigrammatic. Goethe chose "to freeze himself in the attitude of a demigod." Darwin and Marx combined "a merciless rule of relentless strife with an optimistic outlook for man as a whole." Oscar Wilde's self-evaluation was the "portrait of the artist as a broken man." Max Weber aimed "to live without illusions, to think cynically and to act ethically." Freud "blended the most naïve belief in scientific truth with the conviction that blind, uncontrollable forces guide our actions and thoughts." Ibsen "found the way to hell paved with liberal intentions."

This book is unique. It is a "cultural" as distinct from an "intellectual" history, a subtle yet significant distinction. Unlike the latter, which deals with ideas that shape institutions and influence public policies, "Prophets of Yesterday" centers attention on attitudes towards life and life's problems as expressed by the culture of a period. Professor Masur is to be congratulated on his bold venture in hitching the wagon of history to the star of culture.



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COMMUNICATIONS

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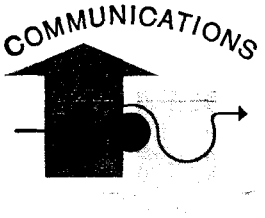

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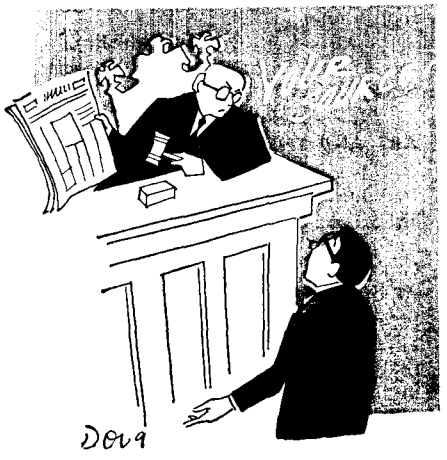

On Revealing the Source of News

RECENTLY, the Hawaii Supreme Court ruled that a newsman must, when directed to do so in court, divulge the source of information on which a news story was based. The court in the fiftieth state held, by a 4 to 1 decision, that the freedom of the press specifically outlined in the Federal Constitution does not give a reporter the right to conceal his sources of news when this information is sought in legal matters. The Hawaii Supreme Court did rule, however, that such information can be required of a reporter only during court trials or similar legal hearings. Otherwise, a reporter can keep his confidences.

The privilege of refusing to divulge the source of a reporter's information is by no means a new issue in the constant tug of war between journalism and law. This particular case arose when a Honolulu *Advertiser* reporter named Alan Goodfader refused to disclose to a court his news source in connection with a story about the firing of a Honolulu city official. A couple of years ago a similar case involving the New York *Herald Tribune* sent Marie Torre to prison for similarly refusing to divulge her source of information and the Marie Torre case was apparently the basis for the 4 to 1 decision in the Hawaii Supreme Court. Both cases should eventually come to the United States Supreme Court, and properly so, for the issue is a fundamental one involving the very core of competent news reporting.

Dissenters in these and similar cases have universally expressed the opinion that forced disclosure of a news source violates freedom of the press and results in indirect censorship. The trade magazine *Editor and Publisher*, bible of the newspaper business, said editorially of the Hawaii decision: "We are in sympathy with the big city reporter . . . as saying that newsmen will gain more friends and support when they stand on moral grounds and refuse to reveal the source of their information than if they hide behind the law." The editorial goes on to observe that a lot of responsible newsmen feel this way—they don't see any need for legislation making newspapermen privileged when it comes to withholding news sources.

But, the editorial continues, "the unfortunate fact is, however, that when a newspaperman stands his ground on this issue today, without support of specific legislation, he is going to go to jail for contempt unless he tells all. . . . This provides plenty of reason for having a law. Let the lawyers and judges argue whether a reporter's confidence is protected by the constitutional free press guarantee. In the meantime we think it is important to the practice of honest journalism to insure such protection by special legislation in the various states."

Actually, a few states already have laws protecting newsmen in this vital detail and the legislatures of many more will be considering such laws after January 1. This seems to us logical and right for, as a long-time reporter ourself, knowing full well that most good news stories simply cannot be reported accurately without legitimate off-the-record contacts, the profession of journalism and the people's right to know will suffer until legal remedies back up the conscientious, honest, public-minded

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newshawk. We are not talking here about a tiny percentage of nefarious, scandalmongering wrongdoers who are bound to exist in about the same proportion in journalism as in any professional field—precisely as many or as few as the public moral barometer dictates.

Journalism is too difficult and wonderful a way of life not to have the full support of the community it serves, including those who make the community's laws. Anything that helps the legitimate and soberly conscientious reporter to tell the truth in the public interest is all to the good.

Thomas Jefferson, about as quotable a man as our profession could ask for, reasoned almost two centuries ago that free speech, free assembly, and free press were the surest bulwarks against the loss of a people's liberty. To help a modern reporter properly do his difficult job in freedom's behalf, we feel that the world of law Jefferson loved and lived by should now step forward and offer a helping hand at a most important and difficult point in the life of U. S. journalism. For, in Jefferson's First Inaugural Address, the reasons why the law should help the reporter have never been better stated:

"Error of opinion may be tolerated where reason is left free to combat it."

—R.L.T.

Just published—
a *new* edition

CRYSTALLIZING PUBLIC OPINION

by

EDWARD L. BERNAYS

U. S. Publicist No. 1

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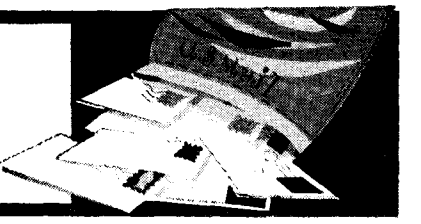
Letters to the Communications Editor



DEPENDS ON THE POINT OF VIEW

I SHOULD LIKE to point out a ghastly error in L. L. L. Golden's article on public relations (I can hardly bear to type the words, much less utter them) in the November 11 issue.

Boston University's School of Public Relations and Communications is *not* "devoted entirely to the subject." Among other divisions the school houses a fine Division of Journalism, which is very definitely not at all interested in PR. In fact, it's almost at the other end of the universe. I and many other graduates of the journalism part of the school prefer to say Division of Journalism to divorce ourselves from the school's main title.

Kindly correct this error. I'm sure it will help heal the wound of readers who are faculty members, students, and graduates of the Journalism Division.

SUSAN B. ATWOOD.

Braintree, Mass.

THE ARTICLE by L. L. L. Golden captures the true spirit of public relations as it is being developed at the Boston University School of Public Relations and Communications.

Having received my graduate degree from the school in 1956, and now in my sixth year of working in public relations, I can honestly say that the one year spent at the school, plus the thesis requirement, were perfect preparation for working in true public relations activity. The drawback (if one can consider this to be a drawback) is that the school's appreciation for public relations and the student's learning of what public relations can and should be is sometimes not always "wanted" or "appreciated" by corporation executives who are still confused by what public relations can and should be. Consequently, it was extremely gratifying to read not only your comments on the Boston University approach but the comments on the recently discovered role of public relations courses for students in business schools.

SAMUEL M. CONVISSOR,
Director of Community Relations,
Greater Newark Development Council.
Newark, N.J.

LIBEL, SLANDER, AND PRIVACY

IN YOUR NOVEMBER 11 issue, you carried an article by Rita Hauser dealing with the right of privacy. While the article was informative, it was too slick and in many ways misguiding to a person who might use it as a reference piece in the future. There is, admittedly, a right of privacy law which can be used in court action. However, this law is not as extensive as Mrs. Hauser's article implies. Many states today do not admit the existence of such a law and others, while recognizing the right of privacy, demand the additional defense of libel.

The author of the article skims quickly over this important point: "While protection against false statements may also be provided by the law of slander or libel, certain technical requirements . . . etc." The certain technical requirements are not as unimportant as Rita Hauser presents them. In the first place, slander is strictly oral and is hardly ever used as a defense. Secondly, libel has to do with the individual's right to security in his person, property, family relations, and reputation, and the duties others must recognize to respect these rights. The right of privacy is the right of every individual that his private affairs not be exhibited. It is apparent, then, that a court action dealing with the right of privacy would also include slander as cause for action. Slander is not technical. Presentation of such cause for action is a backstop for invasion of privacy, still a relatively weak defense.

As for Mrs. Hauser's statement concerning the picture taken of a woman in a coffee shop and later published, I refer her to William G. Hale's, "The Law of the Press," dealing with defenses of the right of privacy. The book states: "The truth of the publication is no defense to an action for invasion of . . . the right of privacy."

I include this statement only to illustrate that, in substance, I concur with Mrs. Hauser that there is indeed a right of privacy. And her maxim is excellent advice. Yet the statements leading to the summation are in part faulty; not faulty in the strict legal sense but faulty in understanding the scope of court action. It is a rare attorney that will bring a case into court based on invasion of privacy without the additional crutch of libel. And, I might add, an extremely foolish one.

PETER M. KELLY,
Gilmartin Associates.

Scarsdale, N.Y.

ART AND THE WASHINGTON *POST*

IN YOUR October 14 issue there appeared an article by Robert Shaplen ("Experiment in Cross Pollination") on Philip Graham and his purchase of *Newsweek*. At the end of the article was a peculiar paragraph taking the *Post* to task for not having a good art critic, and suggesting that one of the new people around Washington might be applying for the job.

Let me enlighten Mr. Shaplen: The Washington *Post* has been very fortunate in having *one of the best art critics of any*

(*Continued on page* 61)

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KARSH OF OTTAWA

By MARGARET R. WEISS

YOUSUF KARSH is a man for whom the standard twelve-month desk calendar would be an inappropriate gift. Currently his appointment book lists assignments spanning the next half-dozen years, exact dates contingent on itineraries—his own and those of the famed personalities his camera portrays.

This long-range, peripatetic schedule is a necessary part of Karsh's operation since only a scant 10 per cent of his work is done in his studio. He prefers to photograph his subjects in their own familiar environments amid characteristic activities—a preference that has made him a world traveler and a visitor to homes of royalty and houses of Parliament, to Pentagon and papal residence, to studio and salon and scientific laboratory of the leading creative spirits of our day.

Think of Churchill, Nehru, Schweitzer, Einstein, Hammarskjold, or Hemingway, and chances are the image that comes to mind is a picture you recall having seen in magazines and newspapers—sometimes even on a stamp. Not a typical news "candid," nor a stiffly posed studio portrait—but the definitive character study that carries the credit line "Photo by Karsh of Ottawa."

Theories as to "what makes Karsh communicate" abound among critics and photo editors. Analyzing his profiles-in-depth, they have pinpointed "sensitive planning of background," "infinite subtleties of lighting," "natural carriage of head and body," "agreeable luminosity," "the illuminating gesture." One authority explains: "He has a wellnigh unerring instinct for pictorial composition, in which we find the head placement in relation to the hands and surroundings just right, and this arrangement of parts is enhanced further by intuitively fine placement of the strong highlight accents." Another expert calls "conversational skill and audacity, accompanied by a winning smile, essential ingredients of his success." And, with broader perspective, still another critic has observed how "Karsh approaches his sitters both as personalities and as figures of history. The tendency of his work to carry a greater weight of interpretation than the simply personal is what characterizes it."

Since art and the artist have a way of eluding analysis, however, these theories shed little light on either Karsh's creative process or his capacity for communication. The photographer himself is at a loss to explain the exact etiology of a particular result. "Obviously, the management of lights, background, and camera play decisive parts, but there are other important factors—among them, the mood and reactions of the sitter and the degree to which I succeed in making him feel interested and at ease."

Usually, a preliminary meeting with each subject is planned some time before the actual day of the sitting. There are exceptions to this, of course—notably, Churchill, President Kennedy, and Pope John XXIII, whose portraits had to be made without previous interview sessions. In preparation for a sitting, Karsh does a considerable amount of homework—searching out facts about the subject's life and career, hobbies, and special interests.

"I have no preconceived idea of how I'll photograph my subject, and this gathering of information has often been of great benefit. Anecdote, discussion, question and answer have mingled to assist me in 'discovering' the subject, visually and emotionally."

Sometimes, however, discussion takes an unexpected turn. For his two-day visit at Schweitzer's home in Alsace, Karsh recalls that his background reading included three works on Bach, a book of essays, one on the life of Christ, two on organists and the organ as an instrument. "I had forgotten one thing, though. A universal mind still has time for the smallest human detail—which probably is why our after-luncheon conversation centered around how to make a good cup of coffee. At least, I now have it on excellent medical authority that coffee made from young beans is toxic, but freshly roasted, freshly ground *five-year-old* beans produce a brew that's medicinal and beneficial!"

In the case of Le Corbusier, the photographer was graciously received by a most cooperative subject. But all attempts to spark conversation failed, for the great architect proved "depressingly reticent."

Yousuf Karsh—a self-portrait.

Maugham was just the opposite. "I wanted to ask him a thousand questions about his methods, his life, and his views, but after a half an hour I realized that I, not he, was being interviewed. Out of long habit, I suppose, he automatically begins to draw a stranger out. His curiosity about human nature is insatiable. . . ."

Remarkably articulate and with a well-earned reputation as a raconteur himself, Karsh has always been attracted by good talk. Looking back now, he remembers most vividly life in his uncle's photographic studio in Quebec, where he had come as a young boy from massacre-torn Armenia. And later, there were three memorable years in Boston as an apprentice to one of his uncle's colleagues. A meeting-place for writers, actors, and musicians, the Boylston Street studio in non-working hours reflected an Algonquin Round Table atmosphere—always overflowing with talented people, good food and wine, and talk.

The young photographer carried these memories and impressions back with him to Ottawa, where he opened his own studio and also did experimental work in stage lighting for the Ottawa Little Theatre. It was these dramatic productions that brought him together with the son of the then Governor General of Canada—his first introduction to Ottawa governmental circles. And it was not long before statesmen and dignitaries came to his studio for portrait sittings—among them, Mackenzie King, who became a close friend and patron. Through him, the picture that was to rocket Karsh to international prominence was arranged: a portrait of Churchill made in an allotted two minutes on the day in 1941 when he addressed the Canadian Parliament.

This most famous of Karsh portraits

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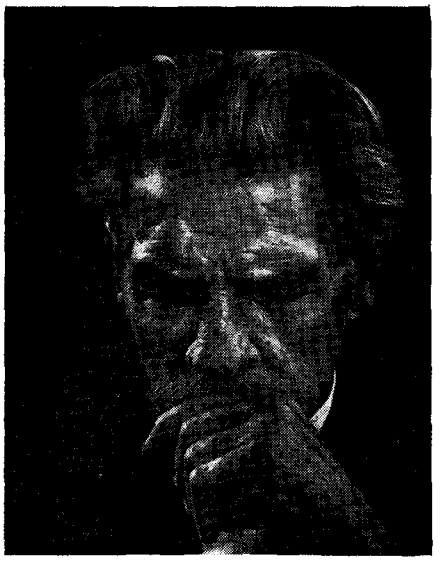

Albert Schweitzer

The Artful Eye Of Yousuf Karsh

—Photos from "Portraits of Greatness," by Yousuf Karsh

Polly Thomson and Helen Keller

more than justifies the photographer's reputation as one who "transforms the human face into legend." For Churchill stares out at the world, defiant and unconquerable—head thrust forward belligerently, one hand gripping the arm of the chair and the other firmly planted on his hip.

"Hands frequently reveal the personality as much as the face does—which is why they appear in so many of my sitters' portraits. At that moment, Sir Winston regarded my camera as he might regard the German enemy. Actually, his scowl was deeper than usual because I had just removed the cigar that was clenched between his teeth!"

To a query about whether some subjects are more difficult than others to capture on film, Karsh answers, "There are no 'easy' subjects—all have to be drawn out; nothing must be taken for granted. There is always the need for utmost concentration. But that concentration must never be allowed to show. The photographer must learn to evoke the revealing moment—the moment of truth—to sense it, to be ready for it when it makes its fleeting appearance."

In hunting the elusive, indefinable quality that distinguishes great men and women, Karsh admits he has always been "in quest of a secret." A quest that has driven him "to work harder than I ever intended to work, to strive for perfection knowing it to be unattainable. Yet it has kept me young in heart, adventurous, growing perhaps, and forever seeking. It has taken me close to so many remarkable people around the world that I have never regretted a moment of my time or a mile of my travels."

INTENSE, energetic, quick in movement and response, Karsh, who will be fifty-four years old this month, is a person who works best under pressure. Most of his subjects do, too, since their lives are usually built around heavy, tightly meshed schedules. With no more than one sitting programmed for each day, every thought and reflex can be channeled toward capturing the unique attitude, the characteristic gesture of the subject before his camera. He makes as many or as few shots as this requires—sometimes only four or five, often more often twenty.

Periodically, Karsh takes a photographer's holiday. From portraiture, he turns to industrial photography, which offers its own special challenges, or takes on a book assignment. At present, he has just completed forty pictures for a book by Bishop Fulton J. Sheen ("These Are The Sacraments," to be published by Hawthorn), fourth in a series that they have worked on together. Each of these represents about two weeks of on-location shooting—often around the clock—but Karsh enjoys travel and finds the Bishop a stimulating companion.

On rare weekends, both camera and studio remain closed. The photographer takes refuge in Little Wings, his home on the Rideau River a few miles outside of Ottawa. There, bird-watching (an interest that inspired the house name and a bird sanctuary on its grounds), gardening, tennis, and a black miniature poodle bring hours of relaxation.

The house, set amid a grove of birch trees on a five-acre tract for which Karsh himself did most of the landscaping, is comfortable, informal, contemporary. "Robsjohn-Gibbings furniture, two Epstein sculptures, some abstracts by my friend Philip Aziz—no, none of my own work on the walls," he adds quickly. "That's for the studio office!"

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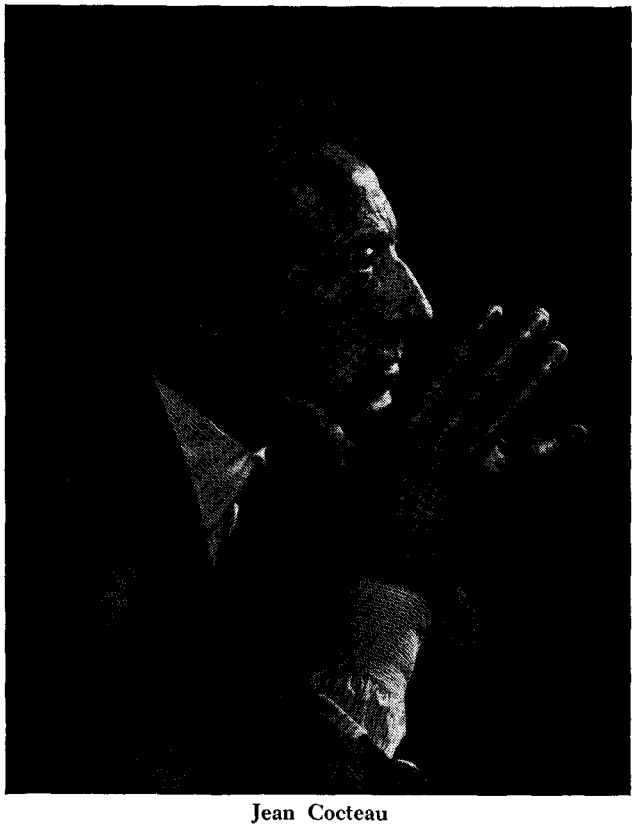
Eleanor Roosevelt

Edward R. Murrow



Jean Cocteau

Sir Laurence Olivier

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The Quiet Offset Revolution

By JOHN TEBBEL

IN THE tough, competitive world of the communications media, each striving for its fractional share of the consumer's interest and money, newspapers are often depicted as beating a dismal retreat. They are, it is said, not what they used to be, but as Dizzy Dean once remarked, what in hell is?

The facts are that the newspaper business is healthy in spite of both competition and the cost squeeze, which affect other media as well. It is neither disappearing nor fading, but is undergoing a transition, adapting to a changing society. The adaptation is least successful editorially, and since this area is so charged with emotion and opinion, criticism and defense of editorial conduct tends to overshadow what is happening in other aspects of newspaper making.

What is happening is a quiet revolution in the composing room which may well have far-reaching and not wholly predictable consequences for the communications industry. Technological advances have always been slow in the mechanical publishing of newspapers, magazines, and books. There was little progress in the graphic arts from the fifteenth century to the early part of the nineteenth, but the creation of a mass market in America between 1825 and 1900, coupled with the great leap forward of the Industrial Revolution, produced startling changes. Then there was another comparative lag until the pressures of our own difficult times stimulated a new wave of invention, and the quiet revolution began.

The chief pressure, of course, has been economic. The astronomic rise in the cost of such basic materials as newsprint and ink, added to steadily ascending labor costs, has slowly been eating away at profit margins, without a concomitant rise in circulations and prices. Only advertising, which has come to dominate many newspapers, has saved the business from anything worse than a slow attrition in the number of newspapers. Many a publisher has seen his property slipping away from him through the composing room door, and in this respect all newspapers, whether large or small, share a common danger.

The Daily NEWS-TEXAN

COP CONQUERS MISSION THAT MAKES NO SCENTS

All Records Fall In June Building Boom

$2,461,530 Tally With 2 Days Left

A Bath for Princess...

Gifts Urged For Hospital

FLYING HIGH

Nuclear Moon in Orbit

30 Acres' Usage Due Revamp Near Stadium

Big Zone Revision Eyed for N. Collins

Big Boy Escapes From Lake

Offset: ". . . delivers a cleaner, more dramatic product."

Technical research and development is beginning to stem, if not turn, this tide. Charles H. Tingley, managing director of the American Newspaper Publishers Association Research Institute, believes that there are today more proven practical new processes available to newspapers than they can possibly adopt. The Institute will spend nearly $600,000 in 1961 in the effort to find ways to make better newspapers; twenty-five years ago there were no technical research programs at all being carried out by the newspaper industry.

While there are any number of exciting developments taking place as the result of research, perhaps the greatest interest centers in the dramatic rise of offset printing, in its application to newspaper publishing.

What is offset? One authority, Howard Bezanson, defines it as a kind of printing "in which the image to be reproduced is carried on the surface of a photographically prepared plate, either metal or paper. Image and non-printing areas are on the same plane (roughly speaking) with water applied to the non-printing areas to keep the ink on the printing areas from spreading, since water and grease (ink) do not mix. In modern lithography the plate is wrapped around the 'plate cylinder' from which the inked image is transferred to the rubber blanket of the 'offset cylinder' and then to the paper being carried between the offset and the impression cylinder." It is thus distinguished from letterpress, in which a raised surface carries the inked image directly onto the paper, as a rubber stamp does.

In the letterpress composing room, skilled linotype operators set copy on machines which cast hot metal into lines of type, called slugs, which compositors then place in metal forms to make up a newspaper page. Each page is then impressed on a papier-mâché matrix and cast again by the process called stereotyping into a curved metal plate which locks on the cylinder of a press.

The offset composing room, on the other hand, consists of a girl, or girls, setting copy on a machine that looks like a typewriter. The machine punches out a tape which feeds into a "slave" machine that automatically spaces the words into lines of type, set column width. These columns are then cut and pasted on a newspaper page, pictures are pasted into place, as are headlines and advertising set by any method (or even clipped from proofs or other newspapers), and the page is photographed onto a thin aluminum plate which bends onto the offset press cylinder, and is then printed in a manner described in the definition. The result is a reproduction of pictures and of any type face that is often superior to letterpress. The savings in the composing room are obvious.

FOR reasons that may be equally obvious, large metropolitan dailies do not yet find it advantageous to use offset, but the method is revolutionizing the small daily and weekly field. The most recent lists compiled by the ANPA's Institute show 431 weekly newspapers and 41 small dailies using offset. The Middletown (N.Y.) *Times-Herald-Record*, a daily with 24,000 circulation, is presently the largest of these, but next spring the national small-town newspaper called *Grit*, published in Williamsport, Pennsylvania, with a circulation of more than 900,000, will be printing in offset.

Offset, it should be added, is not a new process. It was discovered in 1796 by a European printer who found that by drawing with a grease pencil on the flat, polished surface of a limestone slab he could wet the stone and print an image by rolling on the ink. For more than a century, however, the use of offset was confined to magazines, cata-

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logues, and certain kinds of job work. Meanwhile, letterpress equipment was being constantly refined and the entire printing industry was geared to it.

Several East Coast newspapers tried offset in the early 1930s but abandoned it because the materials were too expensive and the machines to make it really feasible had not yet been invented. The first successful offset newspaper, according to William D. Rinehart, director of the Mechanical and Service Division at the ANPA Institute, was the Opelousas (Louisiana) *Daily World*, which began in 1939 and remained the only daily offset paper until the early 1950s.

RINEHART, a leading expert in the field, points out that offset, which is primarily a photographic process, offers publishers complete flexibility in permitting copy to be set in any manner from a ball point pen on up to hot metal linecasting machines, the "cold type" machines already described (used by most plants), or the newer phototypesetting equipment. The high quality of reproduction makes advertising and pictures in an offset newspaper stand out sharply by comparison with ordinary letterpress reproduction, and since no engraving is involved, an offset paper can afford to carry many more pictures. Offset presses produce only 12,000 to 30,000 papers per hour at present, but the new Hoe Lithomatic, which *Grit* will use next spring, at 50,000 papers per hour will compare favorably with presses in metropolitan plants.

Overshadowing all other advantages, however, is cost. It has been axiomatic for some time that only millionaires can start newspapers, but with offset a man who has talent, a very small staff, and $10,000 can be a successful publisher. For example, the Evanston (Illinois) *Review* was started on the proverbial shoestring a few years ago in that well-heeled Chicago suburb, and in spite of the earnest efforts of the Chicago newspapers to put it out of business, it is fat and prosperous today, with 22,477 circulation and enviable advertising lineage.

Another highly successful effort in the field is the Arlington (Texas) *News-Texan*, whose thirty-two-year-old executive editor, Charles Lewis, recently described his experiences in "The Quill," Sigma Delta Chi's magazine for journalists (itself newly renovated). Summing up, Lewis declares: "Take any stage in the newspaper production process, lay parallel phases—cold type offset and letterpress—side by side, and cold type is easier, quicker, and delivers a cleaner, more dramatic product." Lewis believes his trump cards are color, photos, make-up drama, and speed on spot news. The color on his front page costs him only $18 per day. Usually one or two colors introduced in the platemaking process are employed, but it is possible to use a four-color process from news photo transparencies, and Lewis boasts: "We can be on the press in forty-eight hours with full, natural color production, thanks to recent installation of our own color separation camera."

Like all offset papers, the *News-Texan* has its problems in editorial makeup. Since "cold type" cannot be leaded—that is, spaced out with lead slugs to fill space—makeup on a page has to be highly accurate to avoid an overabundance of fillers or too much spacing-out in the headlines. Cutoff lines constitute a problem, too. Since they are drawn on the page with art pens, their size must be uniform. Headlines must be placed on the page with a T-square so they will not emerge crooked; the eye cannot be trusted. Glue and wax used in pasting up a page has to be used with extreme care because these materials turn dark after they dry and may produce a spotty page.

But these difficulties, and others inherent in the limitations of the equipment itself, are the troubles of a pioneering industry. New processes, new machines, are in a constant production ferment, and offset appears to be the wave of the future among small dailies and weeklies, which have been revivified and given the means to turn out within reasonable economic bounds a bright new product designed especially to serve the suburban-area living design which is spreading over the face of America.

METROPOLITAN newspapers are watching these developments with an interest well tinged with envy as they battle their own production costs. There is nothing in the near future of offset likely to cause these big dailies to abandon their hot metal, letterpress operations, but publishers are aware that technological development in newspaper production is now moving at an astonishing clip, where it had crawled for so long. There have been more radical innovations in the past fifteen years than occurred in the entire half-century before the Second World War.

As the ANPA's expert, Rinehart, sums it up: "To what size newspaper offset will spread is still unknown and will depend to a great extent on new developments in phototypesetting, cold type, plate making, plate life, and press development." On the basis of recent performance, these developments will not be long in coming.

Letters to the Editor

Continued from page 56

major newspaper in the country! This critic has been responsible, to an astounding extent, for a great deal of the interest in cultural affairs that has been developed in Washington in recent years. Mrs. Leslie Judd Ahlander personally reviews all shows, encourages new galleries, prods staid Washington into looking at and thinking about new art forms, pushes and prods institutions into more and more cultural activity. More than any other individual in Washington, D.C., she has contributed to raising the professional standards artistically in the nation's capital.

BEATRICE PERRY,
Gres Gallery.

Washington, D.C.

A FRONT PAGE FOR TV?

THE PROPOSITION that the television networks use prime evening time to acquaint the American people with life on this planet ["Immodest Proposals," *SR*, Nov. 11] is hardly realistic. Before presenting such a notion in public, you should have consulted the president of the Columbia Broadcasting System, Frank Stanton, on whom *SR* conferred an award for public service not too many months ago. Stanton could have told you that he has suffered for years from the egghead view that television should be intelligent. He could have repeated to you, too, his recently expressed conviction that the trouble with many eggheads is that they are "not really reconciled to some basic features of democratic life."

In the painful course of research for a book on television, which I am now completing, I have had to revise my own thinking, which once resembled yours. I believed, originally, that television ought to note the possibility that "Pete & Gladys" might be interrupted at any moment by nuclear shock waves. Although I doubted that our doom was imminent, I felt that, if it *was*, we should at least know why we were dying, and I did not feel that either Pete or Gladys, or Ozzie and Harriet combined, could handle the subject adequately.

You can see from this extreme position that my thinking was at least as far out as yours. But I have since made an effort to understand the viewpoint of broadcasters and advertisers, and I can tell you that their case against improvement is formidable.

I spoke, for example, with Rosser Reeves, of the Ted Bates advertising agency, and he explained that the alternative to current programming was socialism, with bureaucrats in Washington dictating what we shall and shall not see and hear. Mr. Reeves is vigorously opposed to socialism and assured me there was no middle road for television.

I also spoke with a thoughtful man at Kenyon & Eckhardt, who, on a busy day, set his Nielsen report aside and took time to make me understand that commercials

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were the informative stuff of life. "What do you talk about at parties?" he asked. "You talk about the new refrigerators and the new cars, don't you? The new products. That's what interests people. That's what makes the wheel go round!" An equally discerning man at J. Walter Thompson displayed a package of cigarettes and said: "No one has ever convinced me that it takes any intelligence to buy this brand over any other. So why should we sponsor intelligent programs?"

Although these discussions contributed to my reorientation, I was not unshakably convinced that television should be ignorant until I encountered several comments by men who understood that TV advertising is the heartbeat of a free people. A letter to *Advertising Age*, for example, warned with the down-to-earth eloquence of George F. Babbitt: "An attack on advertising is an attack on the American way of life." The executive vice president of Young & Rubicam informed one of his audiences of "the genuine enemies of our free economic system who know full well that an attack on advertising is a telling blow at our mass distribution system." And a vice president of Warwick & Legler pointed out: "Tampering with television programming can derail the economy. . . . The public likes it the way it is, and it's good for business, which means it's good for everyone."

In view of these restrained and objective statements, it should be clear that the use of prime evening time for anything but garbage programming would be unpatriotic. If television talked sense to its audiences, how else could we be conditioned to jump at a product when the bell rang? How else could five aspirins, six toothpastes, and seven detergents spend our money to tell us that each is superior to the rest? How else would we be kept from starting to wonder what *else* we might possibly do with our lives between the time we are born and the time we die?

I have many more questions of this sort, and if I should ever find myself in a bomb shelter with Frank Stanton and Pete and Gladys, I will see if they have any answers.

HAROLD MEHLING.

Ossining, N.Y.

A TIME FOR QUALITY

I READ WITH interest your November 11 editorial suggesting improved TV programming between the hours of 6 and 8 p.m. or 7 and 9 p.m.

As one who feels strongly about the present poor quality of TV programming at this prime time, I wish to give your proposed revision my enthusiastic support.

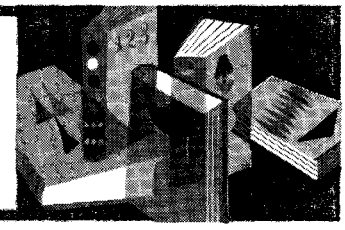
This is the excellent time of day for some thoughtful, mature family listening. Children are ready for quiet activity before bedtime preparations; adults are relaxed and prepared to listen and learn after a full workday.

I would hope that there are enough other "front page readers" to make this a working reality.

BEVERLY C. FISHER.

Little Rock, Ark.

Books in Communications



Canon to the Right

LAWRENCE FERTIG is a New York advertising man who for the past sixteen years has doubled in brass as economic pundit for the Scripps-Howard newspapers. His gloomy animadversions on the state of the economy bring solace to the hearts of hundreds of Westchester commuters as they wend their way homeward from the canyons of New York concealed behind the financial pages of the *World-Telegram and Sun*. There each week he warns of dire things to come as a heedless nation plunges further down the road to statism and poor old private enterprise gets pushed closer against the wall by that destructive beast, Government.

Not since the days of Fisher Ames has there perhaps been as eloquent a Cassandra as Mr. Fertig—unless it is Ludwig von Mises or Henry Hazlitt. Mr. Fertig is the nimble-penned interpreter of the Mises-Hayek-Hazlitt-Friedman school of thought, and as such is entitled to respect. He is about as far to the economic right as one can get and the persuasiveness with which he argues his cause is not to be sniffed at.

Mr. Fertig subscribes whole-heartedly to the *status quo ante* FDR, as this slim and slick compendium of his beliefs makes abundantly clear. In **"Prosperity through Freedom"** (Regnery, $3.95) he propounds his undying fear of "the dangers of a government-regulated" economy, the "proliferation of so-called welfarism," and the "statist concepts of the New and Fair Deal."

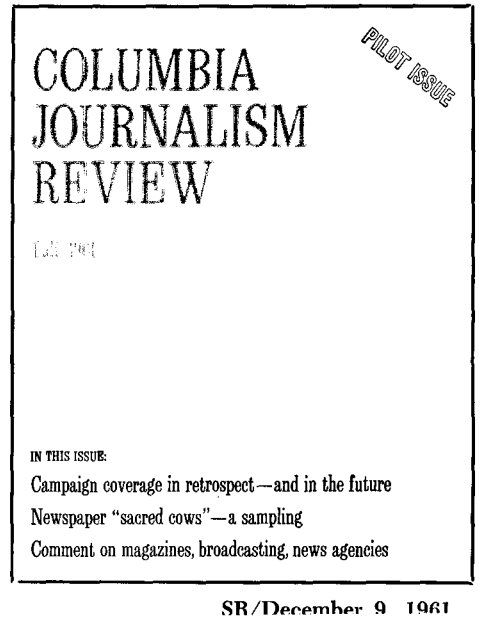
Mr. Fertig has something irascible to say about every economic problem facing the nation today. He ranges widely, but with a narrow drive, through capitalism, socialism, Communism, economic growth, welfare and education, wages and prices, profits and employment, monetary and fiscal policy, and the balance of payments.

As Mr. Fertig points out in his foreword, he formed his philosophy in the years before (he doesn't say how many) World War II, when the dangerous John Maynard Keynes was perverting others, although he never succumbed to that siren call. Ludwig von Mises was his god, then and now. Thus he devotes his book to demolishing what his great hero calls "the popular fable of the blissful effects of government interference with the market and of government spending."

Readers on the right will find this book a birch with which to whip their enemies and to stimulate their own fears. Readers on the left (or in the center) will perhaps profit more greatly than those who are already convinced that we are on the verge of economic disaster. In its 278 pages are most if not all the arguments long set forth by those who wish the general welfare clause had never crept into the Constitution. Mr. Fertig knows all the arguments and he knows how to set them forth in adroit journalese.

—KARL SCHRIFTGIESSER.

GAP-FILLER EXTRAORDINARY: An ambitious and immediately successful new quarterly has come our way in the form of the pilot issue of *Columbia Journalism Review*, published under the auspices of the faculty, alumni, and friends of the Graduate School of Journalism (Pulitzer) of Columbia University. Since nothing quite like it is available to the fellowship of journalism, although similar professional reviews have long been published for lawyers, doctors, dentists, and engineers, the *Journalism Review* is bound to be a success, judging by its first issue. Indeed, a bit of reporting has uncovered the fact that Dean Edward W. Barrett has received such enthusiastic response from the pilot that he will soon announce per-



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manent publication of the excellent project, quarterly beginning in February, 1962.

The *Journalism Review* is a sixty-page paperbound about the size of *Harper's* or the *Atlantic*. It is printed in quality offset, which gives its editors easy opportunity to recreate pertinent front pages and other illustrative material. One of the most disquieting items in the initial issue is "A Day in America's Press"; the news of July 18, 1961, as reported in a score of the top American dailies, gives the reader a clear, if horrifying, glimpse of the enormous gradation in values and standards in editorial offices from coast to coast. The lead piece is an adroit appraisal of the 1960 campaign coverage—and its implications for 1964. And if you've forgotten how partisan things got in the last Presidential race, we recommend a facsimile, on page 14, of the New York *Daily News*'s amazing election editorial condemning practically the entire U. S. reporting and editing personnel as venal, unscrupulous, stupid, disgraceful, and downright crooked in their handling of Richard M. Nixon.

Subscription rates for the *Review* are $5 a year, or $3 for students, but the Pulitzer editors will somehow have to raise money on the side to endow the enterprise in its early issues. Actually, there's no earthly reason why a journal of this caliber shouldn't attract substantial national advertising of interest to journalists, who will surely read it. As a matter of fact, we'll wager that the handsome *Columbia Journalism Review* ends up being a moneymaker as well as a readable and professional gap-filler, long overdue in the field. —R.L.T.

CHARACTERS FOR YOU: Lost in the morass of autumn book reviews was John N. Wheeler's remarkably readable collection of anecdotes, **"I've Got News for You"** (Dutton, $5), most of which are brand-new stories about leading figures in the world of newspapers, magazines, literature, politics, finance, amusements, and government over some forty years Mr. Wheeler has spent profitably in the syndication business. Most of the stories are funny, all of them human, and practically all original with Mr. Wheeler, who rubbed elbows (usually bent) with T. R., John Golden, Ring Lardner, Grantland Rice, Ernest Hemingway, Bud Fisher, Herbert Bayard Swope, Winston Churchill, and practically everyone else who has made news or written it since 1920.

Typical is a Wheeler original about Ring Lardner. A Japanese servant in the Wheeler employ passed the cigars and Ring refused one. "They are Corona Coronas," said Wheeler proudly. "I heard you the first time," said Ring.
—R.L.T.

Now, one of America's most respected women speaks her mind every month in Redbook

Young Adults look to Redbook for *ideas* . . . in every area of living. It is logical, therefore, that Margaret Mead, distinguished anthropologist, social commentator, candid critic and wise counselor, should become Redbook's newest regular columnist. She joins good company. Irwin Shaw, Arthur Miller, Santha Rama Rau, Carson McCullers, Leo Rosten, Allan Seager have all been talking to Young Adults in recent issues of Redbook. Result: exciting fare for an exciting audience—Young Adults who have made Redbook *their* book. This is the kind of editing that has won us a whole array of awards (most recently the Helmholtz Memorial Award and the first National Media Award of the Family Service Association). More important, such editoral vitality is its own reward. According to latest published figures, Redbook's circulation is growing at a faster rate than that of any other major U. S. magazine . . . and advertising has increased for eight consecutive years.

REDBOOK The Magazine for Young Adults. Circulation base 3,450,000. New York, Chicago, Boston, Los Angeles, San Francisco.

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A Weather Eye on Nostalgia

By JAMES F. FIXX

"THREE men—A, B, and C—traveling with their wives, come to a river which they must cross. The only boat they can have will carry but two persons at once. How can they all get to the opposite side, no lady being left without her husband in company with the other gentlemen?"

Such beguilingly musty puzzles as this, along with equally musty poems and pleasantries, wit and weather, are the stock in trade of what must be the most deliberately anachronistic publication in America, the *Old Farmer's Almanac*. Founded in 1792 by one Robert Bailey Thomas, a Massachusetts bookseller and astronomy buff, the *OFA* has sternly resisted any changes in appearance or tone, and claims—with no apparent challengers—to be the country's oldest periodical to be published continually and in the same format. "It's Thomas's almanac and always has been," says the present editor, sixty-one-year-old Robb Sagendorph. "That's why he's still listed as editor. If he were alive today, I like to think this is the kind of almanac he'd be publishing."

This curious formula, doubly remarkable at a time when many publications seem to be striving to make themselves as gaudy as Times Square and as up-to-date as a moon rocket, has somehow or other given the *OFA* an annual circulation of nearly 1,000,000, a tone as nostalgic as an old attic, and as loyal a body of readers as any publisher could ask for. Although aimed mainly at farmers, it sells briskly on city newsstands, where its data on moon and tides, livestock and fishing, make it, at 35 cents, by far the cheapest way for a frustrated urbanite to indulge a secret hankering for the countryside (100,000 copies were sold in New York City last year). The 1962 edition, recently off the press, lists holidays and eclipses, offers recipes and a guide to pruning, and includes data on postal rates and the reproductive cycles of farm animals. Throughout, the *OFA* is decorated with some of the most appealingly artless engravings to be found anywhere, many of them dating back to the 1850s.

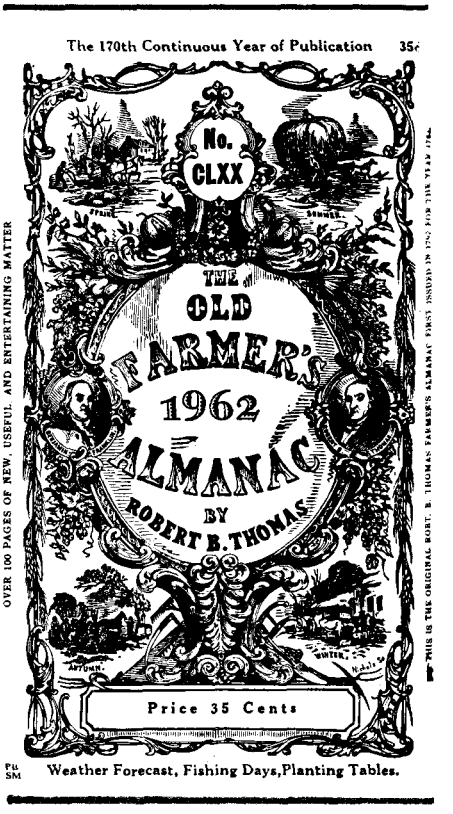
In its 170 years the *OFA* has had many a brush with history. In 1858, so the story goes, Abraham Lincoln used it to win a murder case. A witness testified that the moon on the night of the crime had been so bright that the accused, Lincoln's client, could easily have seen his victim. Lincoln used a copy of the *Old Farmer's Almanac* to prove that the moon had set by the time of the murder, and had indeed been riding low all night.

The *OFA* offices are in the rear of a barn-red frame house in Dublin, New Hampshire, a town of about 400. Here an editorial staff of five produces the *OFA* and a regional magazine, *Yankee*, which Sagendorph founded in 1935 when the Depression gave him the excuse he needed to leave his family's steel fabricating business in New York.

A lanky, Lincolnesque man with craggy features, a penchant for blunt talk, and a Harvard degree (class of '22), Sagendorph took over the almanac in 1939 after Little, Brown, the Boston publishing house, had made the mistake of trying to modernize it by bringing in big-name writers, using the U.S. Weather Bureau's forecasts instead of relying on the *OFA*'s weather formula (one of the best-kept secrets in publishing), and in one year omitting the weather altogether—a piece of heresy that threatened to revive the old custom of burning evildoers at the stake. As tenth editor of the almanac, Sagendorph has avoided such twentieth-century nonsense. "Before I print something," he says, "I've got to like it and I've got to think the readers will like it. That's all there is to it."

D. M.	D. W.	Aspects, Holidays, Heights of High Water, Weather, etc.
1	M.	Circumcision. ☌♆☾ {8.9 8.1 *Shivers for*
2	Tu.	☿ in Perl. Jupiter, Saturn evening stars {9.2 8.8 *livers.*
3	W.	Hudson R. frozen, 1801, 1825. Tides {9.6 8.6 *An old*
4	Th.	Unlucky days Beware 5–8 L. Braille born 1809 {10.1 9.0 *fash-*
5	Fr.	12th night — take down Xmas greens ☾ rides low {10.6 9.3 *ioned*
6	Sa.	Epip. Sun Dials — Sun agree 6-16 [7 th ☌☿☾] *bliz-*
7	☾	1st S. a. Ep. ☌♄☾ ☌☿♄ *zard,*
8	M.	Plough M. ☾ in Perl ☌♃☾ Hol. La. *this*
9	Tu.	Well begun is half ended Tides {10.1 11.3 *snow*
10	W.	"The good 3 bells of Glasgow shall stand {10.1 11.0 *will blow.*

Portion of Old Farmer's Almanac weather listings for next month.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THIS IS THE ORIGINAL ROBT. B. THOMAS FARMER'S ALMANAC

Apparently the readers, scattered through every state and some fifty foreign countries, do indeed like what Sagendorph prints, and as a result he has become something of a farmers' information bureau, carrying on a heavy correspondence about every subject from rampaging mice to ailing mares. (Sample question: "How can I keep bats out of my barn?" Sagendorph's answer: "Keep the windows closed.")

The *OFA*'s weather formula frequently yields results that are the envy of the Weather Bureau. It predicted the big snow of '48, the disastrous New England tornado of '53, and an impressive list of other wet and windy phenomena, and Sagendorph is sure he is on the trail of a foolproof forecasting system. For the benefit of the gullible, he will discourse with glib delight about squirrels' tails and caterpillar spines, but he is a serious student of the weather who pores over meteorological records the way some men study batting averages. "I don't think it's as hard as most of these scientists make it out to be," he says. "I think there's some simple answer."

A good many of the almanac's readers, impressed by its Nostradamic accuracy, are convinced that Sagendorph is very close to finding his formula. At any rate, it's a sure thing that wherever there's an *Old Farmer's Almanac* in the farmhouse, the squirrels and caterpillars are likely to lead considerably less hazardous lives.

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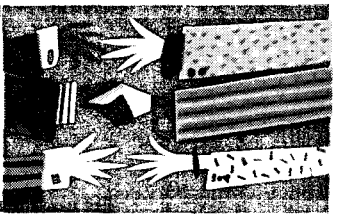
Public Relations



When PR Uses Film

By L. L. L. GOLDEN

WHILE relatively little has been written on motion picture films as instruments of public relations, there has been an amazing growth in the field, and it gives every sign of greater acceleration in the future.

To reach more people, to tell the story of the nonprofit organization or industrial firm, film has become almost essential. It is not a new technique. In 1897, Dewar's Whiskey and Columbia Bicycles showed films on outdoor screens in New York City. The early movie houses used a great many industry-sponsored films. (The smaller TV stations still do.) In 1911, General Electric had a sizable program of these films. In 1912, United States Steel Corporation made a nontheatrical film, "An American in the Making." Other pioneers in the use of these films included Ford Motor Company, Caterpillar Tractor, International Harvester, Swift and Company, and American Telephone and Telegraph.

And what is often forgotten is that the first American documentary film, which many think of as perhaps the greatest, "Nanook of the North," by Robert Flaherty, produced in 1922, was sponsored by a fur company, Revillon Frères.

But it was the Second World War and the development of the 16mm projector that gave the greatest impetus to the production and use of public relations films. The job of quickly training millions of men in the armed services gave a strong push to the development of the nontheatrical film and taught industrial firms that it had a special value for them. At the same time, the easy-to-run and inexpensive 16mm projector meant that more schools, more church groups, more service clubs, more community centers had the means of projecting sound films, and created a great demand for the better ones.

Accurate figures are difficult to arrive at, but intelligent assessments by people concerned with the making of public relations films suggest that there are some 600,000 16mm projectors now in use in this country. And it is possible to have as many people see a public relations film, when its showing on television is included, as see a first-rate, successful theatrical film.

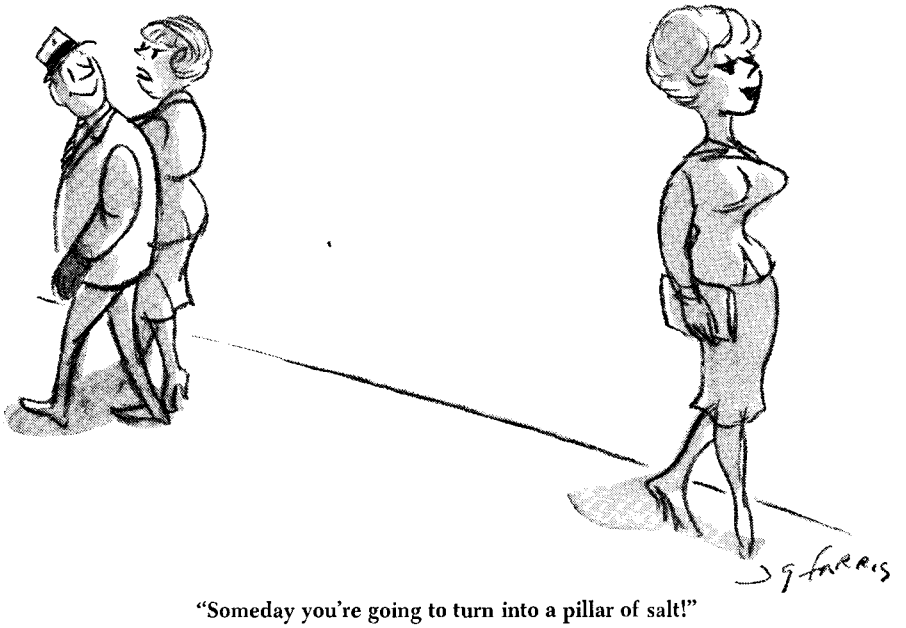
The cost of these films varies, of course, with the type of film, the purpose for which it is intended, and the size of the audience sought for the film. A few years ago the Association of National Advertisers made a study that provided some useful figures on cost. It showed that the cheapest film cost $1,732, the median cost was $25,800, and the most expensive cost $426,600.

The extent to which these films are used can be gauged by a look at the United Nations 1961 comprehensive catalogue of "Films of the United Nations Family." Listed are four films for the High Commissioner for Refugees; one for the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development; two for the International Civil Aviation Organization; four for the International Labor Organization; twenty-two for the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization; nine for the United Nations Children's Fund; seventy-six for the United Nations; seven for the World Health Organization.

The *Journal of the Society of Motion Picture and Television Engineers*, in its issue of June, 1959, has some startling figures on use of industrial public relations films. John Flory and Thomas W. Hope, in their article "The Scope and Nature of Nontheatrical Films in the United States," write that A.T.&T.'s film, "Mr. Bell," slanted at adults as well as school audiences, played to an aggregate audience of 35,000,000 in ten years, and "is still in active distribution with 586 prints." "How to Catch a Cold," produced by Walt Disney Productions for Kimberley-Clark, makers of Kleenex, has been seen by an estimated 170,000,000 persons.

Naturally, all public relations films are not exciting, entertaining, and creative. But some are. "Louisiana Story," produced by Robert Flaherty in 1948, with no strings attached by the sponsor, Standard Oil Company (New Jersey), was a high point in public relations films. The only reference to the sponsor was a credit at the end. That it cost some $325,000 is not surprising since this feature-length film had original music by Virgil Thomson, played by the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy, and Flaherty had the freest possible hand on cost. This film, the simple story of the discovery of oil in a Louisiana bayou and the effect it had on a Cajun family, received highly favorable notices at the time it was released and is still being circulated.

"Rhapsody of Steel," a twenty-three minute animated film in Technicolor, sponsored by United States Steel, with music composed by Dimitri Tiomkin and recorded by the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, traces the development of steel through the Stone Age, the Iron Age, and the Space Age. The newest of the blockbusters in public relations films, it is reported to have cost $400,000. Since these and other public relations films have been so successful from the audience and sponsor points of view, it is almost a certainty that what we have seen is only a preliminary to what lies ahead.



"Someday you're going to turn into a pillar of salt!"

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Flight to the Stone Age

Continued from page 33

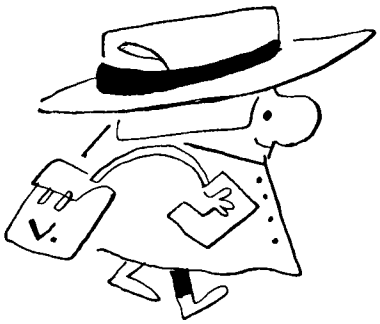
able conveyance. It consisted of two fifty-foot native dugout canoes, each fashioned from a single log, which, lashed about ten feet apart, provided the pontoon supports for a flooring of heavy planks. On deck he had mounted a shelter with a tin roof and walls of wire mosquito netting. Inside were a couch, a table, some chairs, and a two-burner stove. The craft was propelled by two outboard engines fed from a fifty-gallon gasoline drum. It was a very efficient boat and the canoes had been fitted with removable covers so that the hides could be stored in them. I spent a day cruising the Sepik with him, examining the interesting collection of sculptures he kept with him—five barbed arrows, and daggers carved from human bones, among them. The Sepik still abounds with primitive art, making it one of the most interesting of all Pacific areas. It is more difficult now than it was when Cornelius Crane sailed his yacht hundreds of miles up the Sepik to make the famous collection now in the Peabody Museum of Harvard, but I saw great carved slit gongs, ancestor statues, carved posts, and many small statues and masks. I don't recommend, however, that a tourist try to manage such an excursion. Without government help this kind of endeavor is practically impossible.

THERE is one area of the Sepik which is accessible to visitors with special permission, and I recommend visiting it. It is possible to get a plane from Lae to Maprik in a weekly flight. This is in the Abelam area of Sepik culture where the people live in the hills rather than on the river. Part of their tradition is the building of enormous men's clubhouses called *tamberans* which are over sixty feet high in front and decrease in height abruptly in the rear. They resemble towers rather than buildings and most of them contain large collections of highly stylized and colored carvings of human figures and birds, which are stacked along the wall. I was fortunate enough to see and photograph a dance by these people, first on the ground in front of their club, and then actually inside. The men cover their faces with red and orange paint, wear pig tusks through their noses, and complete their color schemes with red flowers attached to large woven hats. They also carry spears which they brandish, in what I hoped was a friendly way, at strangers. A large present of stick tobacco, long ropes of this sweet-smelling, strong, and crude stuff, were the necessary admission ticket to the house. No women are ever permitted to witness these ceremonies or to see the sculpture.

There are also men's houses on the Papua Gulf. Once, back in 1949, I persuaded an oil exploration party to fly me in their small float plane up to Orokolo, one of the most interesting towns on the southern coast of New Guinea. The clubhouses here, however, are principally furnished with large racks of decorated skulls, a collection that included both ancestors and vanquished adversaries.

Large, flat, shieldlike slabs decorated with anthropomorphic designs commemorate the dead. Five machetes costing a dollar each seemed to the natives an equitable trade for five of the slabs.

New Guinea is making strides toward self-government, on both sides of the border. Legislative councils, primary and secondary education, public health programs, increased communication, and steady increases in organized police



patrol of the interior are bringing the area toward emancipation. Ideally, the entire island of New Guinea should one day be a political entity, united under a single central administration. Present political divisions are meaningless since the people recognize only tribal connections. All, however, could unite, in a federation similar to Nigeria.

New Guinea is still a place for both adventure and scholarship, where the two exist side by side. But it is full of inconvenience, disease-carrying insects, and the risk involved when single-engined planes fly over inpenetrable jungle or through cloud-filled mountain passes, but it offers an opportunity to go where few have been, to be able to both suffer and enjoy unique experiences.

New Guinea, Anyone?

Although the Dutch, in their disputed half of New Guinea, have encouraged few visitors, the Australians, who administer the east half, offer air transportation in five hours from Brisbane by two airlines. The Papua Hotel at Port Moresby has rooms with bath, the Cecil at Lae has a pool and tennis courts, and the hill station at Goroka, where the tribes can be seen, one hour from Lae, has lodge accommodations for thirty-six.

Land Divers

(*Continued from page 44*)

he risked his life in the leap. One man said that he did so because it made him feel better; another amplified this by saying that if ever he had pain in his stomach or a cold in his head, the jump was an unfailing cure. One or two said that they jumped because they positively enjoyed it. Most said simply that they did so because it was "custom belong dis place."

I had one clue, however, to a deeper meaning. During the ceremony I had noticed that one of the women standing a few yards from me was nursing in her arms something which I took to be a baby. She watched one youth particularly attentively, and when he fell and swung uninjured, she exultantly threw away the bundle in her arms. It was nothing more than a piece of cloth. I was told that the diver was her son and that the bundle was "all same like baby." Perhaps the ritual was an ordeal through which adolescents had to pass before they entered the estate of manhood, and as the boy performed it, so his mother cast aside the symbol of his childhood to proclaim to the world that her baby no longer existed and that he had been replaced by the grown man.

If this were indeed the truth, and it seemed to match aspects of the story of the ceremony's origin, then one would expect that only young boys would perform the jump. In corroboration, one woman said that in "time belong before" a man jumped only once and then it was "altogedder finis." But if that had been the case it was no longer so, for I knew that several of the men whom I had seen diving that afternoon had taken part in the ceremony several times before.

One thing only was certain. The people themselves had largely forgotten the original meaning of their ritual.

I suspect the story of the unfaithful wife has little relevance to the origin of the Pentecost jump, and I would guess that the Pentecost people continue their ritual because it is an exciting and enjoyable occasion and because it is "custom belong dis place."

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Mendacity. 2. Felicity. 3. Domesticity. 4. Scarcity. 5. Elasticity. 6. Veracity. 7. Multiplicity. 8. Tenacity. 9. Authenticity. 10. Eccentricity. 11. Simplicity. 12. Publicity. 13. Loquacity. 14. Duplicity. 15. Paucity. 16. Vivacity. 17. Reciprocity. 18. Rusticity. 19. Historicity. 20. Rapacity.

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(Continued from page 67)

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B. Forced air into a musical instrument so as to produce an overtone.

C. Speculative treatises forming a late (from 8th cent. B.C.) part of Vedic literature.

D. Think of when not in actual presence of.

E. Broad piece of cloth, paper, surface.

F. In the direction of this planet.

G. The old schoolboy's exclamation if his hearer doesn't know the "story of the three eggs" (2 wds.).

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DEFINITIONS

K. To or into this place.

L. Useless; indolent.

M. Tide mark allowing greatest depth of beach (2 wds.).

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O. Most profound.

P. Supposed relative motion of a heavenly body through the medium hypothecated as permeating space (2 wds.).

Q. A characteristic of the child in summer today as well as in Whittier's time (3 wds.).

R. Written engagement held by a third party till its provisions have been met.

S. One of the charts wherein Joaquin Miller says one cannot find place of "The bravest battle that ever was fought" (4 wds.).

T. Conduct.

U. Viscountcy in the Shaw-Lefevre family, prominent in English politics.

V. Vital foundations.

WORDS

151 129 75 160 163 95

172 61 19 131 55 11

36 111 90 127 4 70 71 94 7 52 139

92 32 1 73 35 97 136 96

18 38 59 65 29 13 148

156 124 162 174 140 83 118 80 76 109

21 165 45 104 147 158 120 89 72 155

9 20 100 178 57 161

31 41 86 112 17 102 135 74 67 115 146

93 48

137 85 2 107 39 5 62 25

84 23 143 44 176 167 68 130

108 149 43 153 88

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

1 N	2 T	3 I	4 M		5 T	6 J		7 M	8 H	9 R		10 C	11 L	12 F	13 O	14 A
15 H		16 G	17 S		18 O	19 L	20 R	21 Q	22 J	23 U	24 D	25 T	26 A		27 B	28 F
29 O	30 C		31 S	32 N	33 I		34 A	35 N	36 M	37 C	38 O	39 T	40 D		41 S	42 I
43 V	44 U	45 Q		46 J	47 B	48 S		49 A	50 J	51 H	52 M		53 J	54 H	55 L	
56 C	57 R	58 H	59 O	60 J		61 L	62 T		63 G	64 D	65 O		66 A	67 S	68 U	69 I
70 M		71 M	72 Q	73 N	74 S	75 K		76 P	77 F	78 G	79 J		80 P	81 G	82 I	
83 P	84 U	85 T	86 S	87 I	88 V	89 Q		90 M	91 I	92 N	93 S		94 M	95 K	96 N	
97 N	98 E	99 F	100 R	101 I		102 S	103 C	104 Q		105 J	106 E	107 T	108 V	109 P	110 F	111 M
112 S	113 D		114 A	115 S	116 I	117 B	118 P		119 B	120 Q		121 A	122 F	123 E		124 P
125 F	126 H	127 M		128 G	129 K	130 U	131 L	132 H	133 F		134 I	135 S	136 N		137 T	138 C
139 M	140 P		141 D	142 E	143 U		144 B	145 C	146 S	147 Q		148 O	149 V		150 E	151 K
152 C	153 V		154 B	155 Q	156 P		157 J	158 Q	159 B	160 K		161 R	162 P	163 K	164 J	165 Q
	166 D	167 U	168 B		169 A	170 H	171 J	172 L	173 B	174 P	175 C	176 U		177 G	178 R	179 F

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 10 of this issue.

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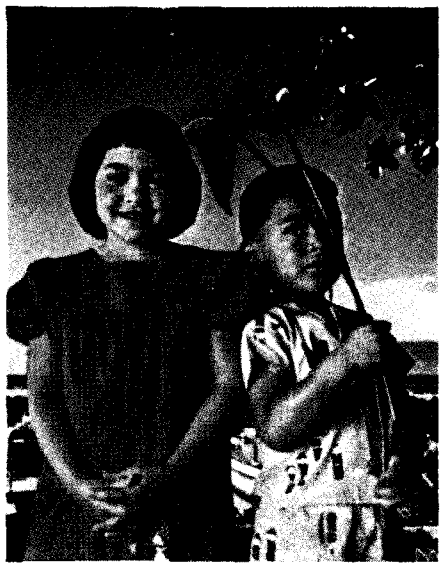

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